Week ending July 21 1945 THREEPENCE

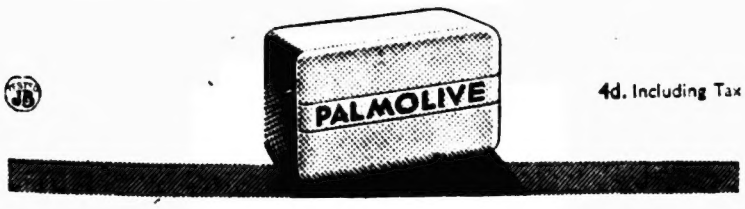
JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

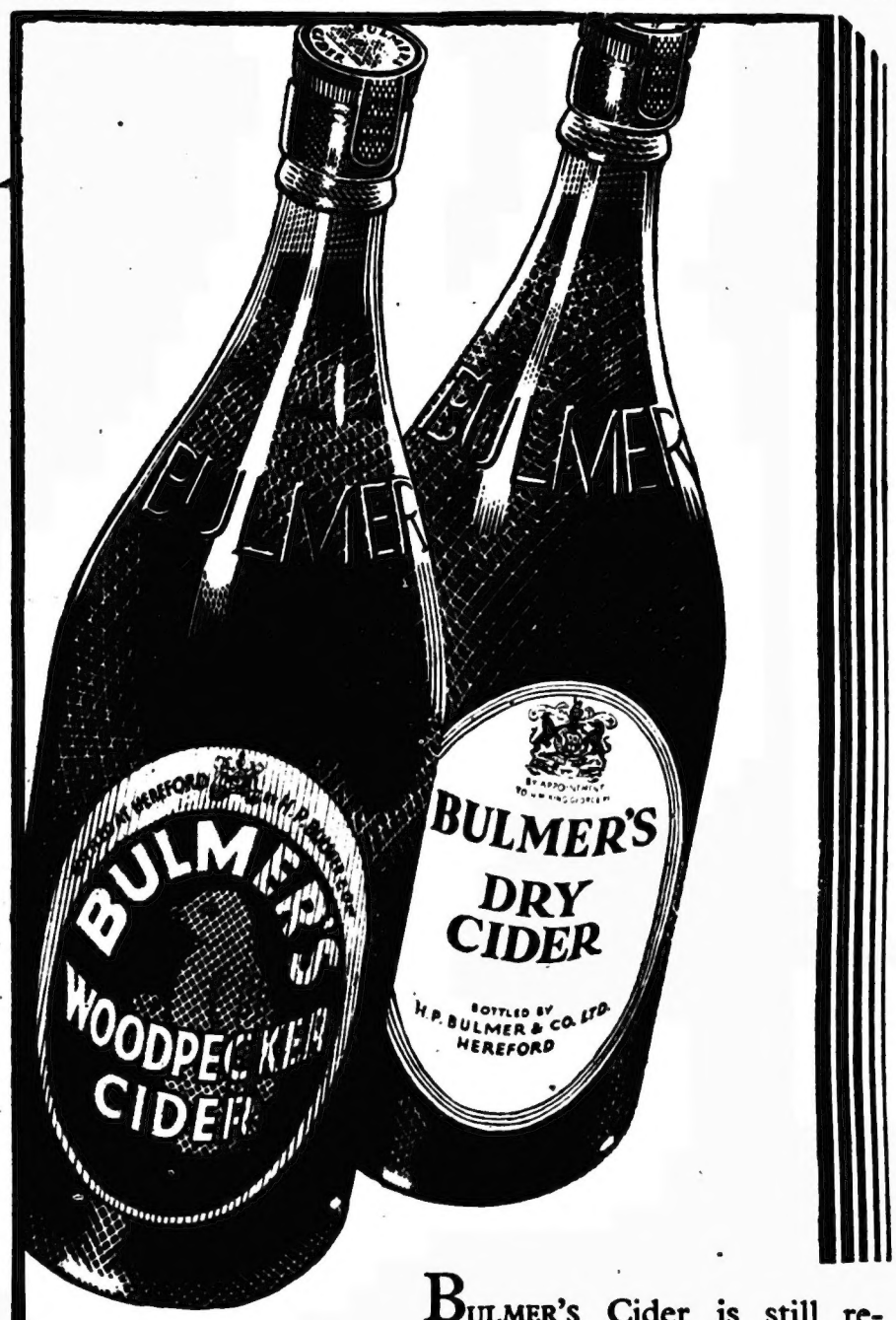
IN THE NAME OF CHARITY

See centre pages

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion with **PALMOLIVE**



4d. Including Tax



BULMER'S Cider is still restricted to certain areas. Soon we hope Bulmer's will once again be greeting old friends and making new ones everywhere.

Bulmer's CIDER

H. P. BULMER & CO LTD., HEREFORD

royds 751.D.

Awheel without woe!

Thanks to the restored petrol ration, thousands of motorists will be taking the road again in the coming months. Let's see that this new-found freedom doesn't bring an increase in road accidents!

What do I do...?

I do *not* take my car on the road until I am absolutely sure that brakes, steering and tyres are in good order.

I drive with extra care until my road sense is fully developed again.

I remember that pedestrians (and especially children) are as yet unaccustomed to busy roads, and I make full allowance for this.

I keep down my speed to make my petrol ration go further.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

How to snap a seated figure

If, at close range, part of your subject is much nearer the camera than the rest, then that part will come out relatively much bigger, giving the sort of distorted result shown in the diagram. So when snapping people at fairly close quarters, make sure there aren't any arms or legs stretched towards the camera.

'Kodak' Film is scarce because of war needs, so MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR

KODAK FILM

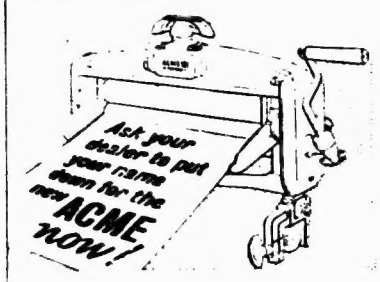
KODAK LTD., KODAK HOUSE, KINGSWAY, W.C.2

F.31x

It's like a Fairy-tale come true—

Back in my own home at last. All ready for the moment when I can get an Acme, and have best-on-the-line washes. Heavy things, fragile things, when they go through an Acme they come out clean and sweet. And all so easy. No wear and tear on the clothes, and no wear or tear on the housewife either!

And now the waiting time is nearly over. Soon you will see the Acme on sale again—a brand new model, in every respect as wonderful as pre-war. Don't miss the opportunity! The Acme will be here SOON—see that you have arranged to have one of your own at the first possible minute.



Children first please!

Only a small quantity of Cadburys Milk Chocolate is available. All the food value of the milk is still in it—a glass and a half to every half-pound. Supplies are limited but are being distributed fairly in the Western and Southern Zones. When your turn comes, please remember that growing children need this extra nourishment most.

CADBURY means QUALITY

THE BRITISH BISCUIT INDUSTRY IS LOOKING FORWARD TO DECONTROL!

Issued by the Cake & Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS-128

SHE GUARDS HER magnesia smile

She's got that sparkling smile that mother loves to see! She makes sure that she keeps her teeth clean, healthy and free from discoloration by regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia, the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnseia,'* which corrects mouth acid, so often the cause of dental trouble.

Children use Phillips' Dental Magnesia gladly because it leaves the mouth feeling clean, and they love its flavour! Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½d.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

(Regd.)

** 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

"Babies find cow's milk difficult to digest, and that's why I always say add Robinson's 'Patent' Barley to the milk. Robinson's 'Patent' Barley modifies the milk and prevents the formation of an indigestible milk clot in tender little tummies, enabling baby to get the full benefit of every feed, helping him to gain steadily and sleep contentedly."

ROBINSON'S 'PATENT' BARLEY

FREE SAMPLE sent on application, together with a copy of booklet on the care of infants entitled "Steps to Health". If ½d. stamp is enclosed. Keen Robinson, Dept DZ 48, Norwich

CVS-48

"What luck! It's White Horse"

"Not luck, good management." "*On* [illegible] *part?*" "Gracious no! The luck is [illegible] in getting it. The good management was the distillers'. In the good old years of plenty they had the forethought to lay down ample stocks so that it should ripen and mature. That's why the White Horse you get to-day — when you're lucky — is still as fine as a fine liqueur." "*Good old White Horse . . here's to the day when we can get more of it.*"

WHITE HORSE

MAXIMUM PRICES:—*Bottles* 25/9; *Half-bottles* 13/6. *as fixed by* The Scotch Whisky Association.

"See! PANS CLEAN LIKE LIGHTNING now I've gone modern with MIRRO!"

Mirro's special detergent cuts through grease and dissolves sticky scum in seconds. Buy a 7d. giant canister of this "screen-sifted" non-scratch cleanser to-day

Go Modern with

MIRRO

THE SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER

299

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

It's *Wisdom*

IT certainly is wisdom to buy a Wisdom when you can. It will give your teeth the freshest, briskest clean they've ever had. That's because the tufts of a Wisdom are made from springy, "let's-get-at-it," Nylon. They never come out and they never go soggy. Every time you use a Wisdom it's like using a new toothbrush.

Wisdom TOOTHBRUSH

OUTLASTS THREE ORDINARY BRUSHES

Made by Addis Limited, makers of the first toothbrush in 1780

July 21 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 78 Number 2040 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

DO WE NEED CHARITY?

A TOTALLY-DISABLED ex-Serviceman receives a pension of £2 a week. Should it be quite certain that he will be unemployable for the rest of his life, he may be given an extra 10s. If he cannot live on this pittance, or provide himself with costly medical necessaries, he must seek charity.

The parents of a lad who was their sole support, and who died that his country might live, may perhaps be granted a pension. Otherwise, they must rely on charity.

A widow is told that her ailing child needs country air. She must apply for charity. So must professional men who meet with misfortune, and scores of thousands of the sick, crippled, the aged and the bereaved.

Thus charity permeates our national life. It is supported with almost staggering generosity by the public. But more and more people are coming to believe that all of us should be safeguarded by the State against Want. And this should mean something better than the grudging support of existence at its lowest and meanest.

UNTIL THIS IS DONE, the giving of alms will remain something more than a virtue. It will continue to be a necessity.

Yet it can also be a vice. It can destroy self-respect in the recipient. It makes the provision of daily bread, of clothes and medical help, seem a favour instead of a right.

Above all, as JOHN BULL proves on pages 8 and 9 of this issue, it leads to organised fraud and corruption on a gigantic scale, bringing wealth to those who trade on human suffering and human compassion.

If, as the poet said, all mankind's concern is charity, it is the duty of us all to see that it does not fulfil the Biblical phophecy that it shall cover a multitude of sins.

The law's loopholes must be stopped; how, JOHN BULL will explain next week.

And, as a longer-term policy, we must aim at a Britain where charity will not be required to allay the ordinary hardships and tragedies of life.

The Editor

Big Three Meetings Aren't Enough!

Truman's Strong Hand. Japan isn't Soft. Will Blum Oust de Gaulle? Churchill Should Trust the B.L.A. Gordon Richards Heads the List

INTENSE INTEREST centres on President Truman's visit to Europe. From the showing he has made since assuming office, it is evident that his contribution to the Big Three's deliberations will be of great significance.

For one thing, his authority in his own country is secure, which Wilson's was not when he, as American President of the last war, came to Europe in 1919. Truman has strengthened his administration while lowering its average age from fifty-seven to fifty-three.

His appointment of the expert James Francis Byrnes to succeed Stettinius as Foreign Minister (the Americans call it Secretary of State) was a stroke of genius.

Pernicious Pabst

The fact is that Truman combines Roosevelt's idealism with a hard-headed realism which has surprised everyone. He has proved that even a Roosevelt—or, for that matter, a Churchill—is not indispensable.

Truman, cutting out all emotional approach to the riddle of German militarism, went straight to the core of things by ordering a Senate investigation of German financiers' and industrialists' activities. That is why, so soon after VE-Day, the Big Three are concentrating on Germany's "Economic General Staff" rather than on its military counterpart.

The investigations have led to a retiring and apparently harmless German gentleman now living in Switzerland, a Major Waldemar Pabst.

Ferreting Facts

PABST, Fascist and putschist of former days, possesses a signature possibly worth more than that of any other man.

Yet secretive Pabst says little about his control of the German "flight capital" now in Swiss banks, the hundreds of millions belonging to German industrialists and makers of munitions. And the Swiss banks—as is the way of banks—are reticent.

But the Big Three have started inquiries that will end by ferreting out the facts about German capital in Switzerland, Spain, Sweden, Argentina There is nothing hid that shall not be known.

Useless Decisions

TRUMAN'S own immediate preoccupations at Berlin are less romantic though supremely urgent matters like the Inter-Allied Control of Germany.

Although the war time meetings of the Big Three were so fruitful, it becomes clearer every day that planning and great decisions are useless if no international machinery exists to implement them.

The need for some such control body to co-ordinate plans is shown by minor hitches like the recent wrangle with the Russians over who was to feed the Berliners.

Conflicting Ideas

Then there are major differences of policy concerning the future of German industry. Fundamental is the divergence between the Russian and the Anglo-American viewpoints. The Soviet idea—now being put into practice—is to transfer to Russia lock, stock and barrel, not only German factory equipment, but also German man-power.

An American—former Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau — first thought of this idea of de-industrialising Germany; but it found little acceptance in the Western countries, whose governments want to restore German industry to the point at which it can produce sufficient for German needs, for the occupying armies, and for reparations in kind.

Now the Big Three are trying to work out at Berlin a common policy applicable to all Germany, because—thus far, at any rate—no one has seriously advocated the permanent partition of Germany between Russians and Anglo-Americans.

Output Paramount

Just as death, removing Roosevelt and substituting Truman, transformed the personnel of the Big Three, so the ballot-box may put Attlee into the place now held by Churchill The effect would be far-reaching.

For a Labour Government in London would use its influence to secure maximum output from German industry as an insurance against a calamitous fall in all Europe's standard of living.

This, however, would necessitate effective precautions against a revival of the German war industry; precautions not easy to observe in an epoch when the factory processes of motor vehicle or locomotive production are essentially the same as those of tank output.

Jig-Saw Politics

Always in the background, too, are American influences favouring a break-up of the old German Reich—influences with their counterpart in the Russian urge for a Soviet-sponsored, predominantly Communist administration in Eastern Germany.

Further to complicate the picture, there is Austria—soon to be an independent land, site of the new world government blueprinted at San Francisco.

Yet grandiose schemes for redrawing political frontiers are apt to break down before the pitiless logic of economics. From the economic standpoint all Europe from the Vistula to the Pyrenees is one; and if Attlee replaces Churchill on the Big Three, economic and not political considerations will come to the front as statesmen plot the future course of European affairs.

Young Turk Meets Eden

HASAN SAKA, Turkish Foreign Minister, meeting Anthony Eden in London, portended momentous decisions the Big Three must take before they end their meeting in Berlin

Saka, professor of economics, was a Young Turk when the Young Turks were thought revolutionary for wanting to end the practice—now long since discontinued—of women being perpetually veiled.

Liberal-minded man fond of compromise, he will need all his tact to satisfy the Russians in the matter of the Dardanelles without alarming the British Foreign Office, so hidebound by tradition.

Outraged Blimps

The Russians want to end the Montreux Convention under which, since 1936, the Straits have been virtually Turkey's to open or close.

Stalin, wanting (as the Tsars did before him) an outlet to the warm waters of the Mediterranean is asking to be allowed to establish Soviet military air bases near the Straits.

This outrages old-style British diplomatists cradled in the traditions of 1878, when Tsar Alexander's threat to the Dardanelles caused Disraeli to rush Indian sepoys to Malta while London music-halls rang with "We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do, we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too."

The Oriental War

WHILE intensive bombing of Japan reduces war output still further, the fact remains that the strength of the Japanese army is substantially unimpaired

Events move surely towards Japan's

THE MAN OF THE B.B.C.

W. J. HALEY AS SEEN BY HALL

NEXT week the B.B.C. switches over to peace-time broadcasting, and the Forces programme will come to an end.

That is the latest decision of the least-known chief the B.B.C. has ever had—W. J. Haley. He keeps in the background so much that few people can tell whether he deserves his reputation of being a strong man.

He probably does. For he dealt so firmly with the new Minister of Information at the beginning of the Election campaign that the latter did not try again to get his own way.

There is nothing impressive in Haley's appearance: fairly tall, slim build, navy-blue suit, black shoes. He neither drinks nor smokes. His handwriting is schoolboyishly bold. He holds himself rather aloof, though every Monday he invites his officials to lunch in rotation.

The higher bureaucracy of the B.B.C. eyes him askance, for "strong men" are not popular in Portland Place. There is no opposition to him at present, and if it ever erupts the fight will certainly not be confined to one side.

"A SAFE INSURANCE WITH QUICK RETURNS,"

is how Mr. C. Cummings, of Durham, describes JOHN BULL in acknowledging a cheque for fire damage.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, BURGLARY, etc.

total defeat, though, as things now are, that end is still remote in time.

It would be hastened immensely by Russia's entry into the conflict—by no means an impossibility. Tremendous things, indeed, hang on the Big Three's deliberations in Berlin.

Ambitious De Gaulle

DE GAULLE'S ambitions are behind the decision to hold French elections on October 14, when a National Constituent Assembly will be chosen by universal suffrage.

That Assembly is to elect a President of the Provisional Government who, as all parties are agreed, is to be De Gaulle himself. Then it will proceed to frame a constitution which the French people will accept or reject at a referendum.

De Gaulle wants a constitution like America's, which gives the president wide powers by contrast with the limited powers enjoyed by French presidents, who have been mere figureheads.

Blum v. Herriot

But De Gaulle's plans may come unstuck. A really heavy leftward swing might well place Léon Blum (who might be called the French Arthur Henderson) in such a strong position that the new Assembly would prefer him to De Gaulle. England knows that the popularity of war leaders soon fades.

Blum as president would see to it that France got a single-chamber government—no House of Lords! That would bring him into conflict with the forces of the Right, led by Herriot (the French counterpart of Archibald Sinclair).

Herriot, too, has ambitions; and he can count on the backing, not only of his own Radicals, but also of French Conservative forces, now in political eclipse.

Impure Atmosphere

Observers recently back from France agree that the atmosphere of public affairs over there is thoroughly unhealthy.

Black market is semi-legalised. Purge of Vichy elements is only half-hearted.

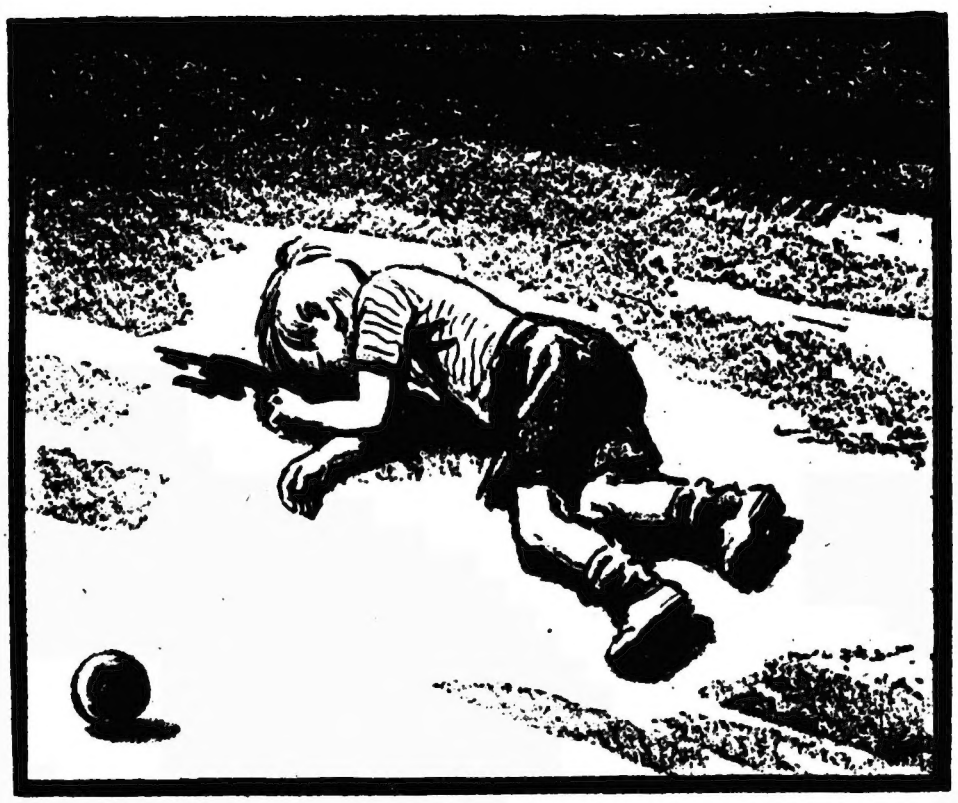
And these things are coming back on De Gaulle, who, regarded only a few months ago as irreplaceable and indispensable, is now suspect for his obvious political ambitions. France has never liked dictators.

Can't He Trust Them?

"THE BRITISH SOLDIER," Winston Churchill once said, "is the world's best ambassador." But if Winston really believes that, why does he not trust B.L.A. members in the matter of fraternising with Germans?

Such is the gist of many letters JOHN BULL is getting from men in Germany, sick of an arbitrary law that stops them smiling at a girl or helping a child across the road. (The last letter bore fifty-two signatures.)

Another letter, bearing twenty-five signatures of men in Brussels, protests because other ranks have to queue (often in vain) at cinemas while seats are reserved for "officers only" and their girl friends.



"Britain's future depends on her children"
In May alone 125 children were killed on the roads.

Swiss Leave

SEVEN-DAY TRIPS through Switzerland have been arranged for 300,000 American officers and men serving in Europe.

Every detail has been worked out to ensure that the men shall have a really good holiday.

We hope similar schemes are being considered for our own men. Occupation of devastated Germany is an exacting and wearisome business, and those who have the job to do deserve all the compensations we can devise for them.

Clothing Shortage

OLIVER LYTTELTON, Tory who succeeded Hugh Dalton as President of the Board of Trade, is considering a plan for removing the bottleneck—spinning and making-up of cotton—that may force a cut in the clothing ration.

Dalton, finding his scheme for the voluntary return of operatives broke down because the workers shrank from pre-war sweat-shop conditions, tried before he went out of office to get the cotton masters to improve conditions.

Now the cotton masters, wanting the operatives back on the old terms, are pressing Lyttelton to accept a plan for swift closing down of Lancashire war plants, leaving the workers a choice between the "dole" and the sweat-shop mills.

Next Election Near

WHILE THE PARLIAMENTARY ballot boxes still enclose their secrets, first moves are being made in the elections due November 1, when about one-third of municipal councils must be chosen.

Here is a consolation prize for candidates who, next week, find they are out of Parliament.

City and borough councils are fine training ground for the wider political sphere, as proved in our own time by men like Herbert Morrison, John Wheatley, Neville Chamberlain.

Army Career

AS MILLIONS in uniform hunger for Civvy Street, the War Office is flooded with applications for peace time commissions from temporary war time officers, many of whom are prepared to step down in rank.

One man's meat is another's poison; and the military service so irksome to some proves irresistibly attractive to others.

The outcome is that the British Army has an abundant supply of ranker officers tested in the crucible of war.

Toll of Roads

ROAD DEATHS showed an upward tendency before the return of basic petrol, and are likely to rise still more. In May alone, 125 children were killed—one of them is poignantly depicted by TIM on this page.

First remedy—as cyclists' organisations impressed on General Election candidates—is to cover Britain with a network of roads exclusively for fast, through motor traffic, avoiding populous places and having no level-crossings. This has been done in Germany and parts of the U.S.A.

Until the man-power is available for such roads, schools and cinemas must intensify "road peril" educational campaigns, while motorists convicted of dangerous driving must be disqualified from holding a driver's licence.

Scotland Yard

NEW POLICE COMMISSIONER Sir Harold Richmond Scott has made a favourable impression at Scotland Yard, where all ranks like him.

Mr. Churchill wanted a high-ranking Service officer, but Herbert Morrison persisted in asking for Scott. The two had worked together on Civil Defence.

Scott, concerned but little with crime or discipline, is up against an organisation problem; to bring his force up to strength, he must get 5,000 good men from somewhere very soon.

Police Colleges

Indeed, the need for additional policemen in many parts of the country has become so acute that trained men are to be speeded out of the Forces.

Part of Hendon Police College has already been reopened, and soon that institution will be running again at full throttle.

Hendon, concerned only with the Metropolitan Police, has been so successful that the Home Office is planning to create similar establishments elsewhere, as part of a scheme for reorganising provincial police administration.

Furniture Racket

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR P. BURNEY, who is to lead a picked squad against furniture racketeers, has worked in recent years under Chief Inspector R. Macdonald on the black market trail.

Copious reports about the furniture ramp are now in the hands of the Director of Public Prosecutions, following nation-wide investigations.

Demob. Guide

"FOR YOUR GUIDANCE" is the title of three attractive pamphlets the Ministry of Labour has issued in conjunction with the respective Fighting Services, to help persons changing over from the Forces to Civvy Street. Matters like pay, allowances, gratuities, employment, social services are treated fully. And look at this:—

"Beware of the man who tries to persuade you to put your money into some attractive-sounding scheme. Such men are persuasive and convincing: it's their business to be, and they are good at it. Do not part with your money before you have asked the advice of some independent and responsible person whom you know."

All this leads naturally to the suggestion that the Post Office Bank is the place for your money till prices get lower.

Tough Tests

HERBERT SUTCLIFFE, famous Yorkshire and England opening batsman, just back from a business trip to Australia, says that country is full of young cricketers as good as the Australian Service players who have figured in the "utility" tests against England.

Australia's population is only about one-fifth of England's; but they pick the right men because the game out there is less hedged around with snobbery.

Come On, Gordon!

GORDON RICHARDS is heading the jockey's winning list again, and looks like taking the championship.

Isn't it amazing that this 41-year-old champion jockey still cannot ride a Derby winner, though he has got away with nearly every other race in the calendar?

Gordon, almost as keen on football as on riding, hopes to enjoy a little curling in Switzerland next winter. He was a regular visitor to the winter sports there before the war.

OFFICIALDOM HAMSTRINGS THE EX-SOLDIER

AN empty shop window in Cavendish Street, All Saints, Manchester, is a symbol of an ex-Serviceman's struggle for independence. Behind that shop window he repairs clocks and watches.

But he is not allowed to put anything in the shop window for sale, such as watch straps and the other things usually associated with this kind of business.

George Steadman, aged 25, was invalided out of the Army in 1940 suffering from neurasthenia. (He has since developed hemorrhage of the throat—and he has no pension).

He tried all sorts of jobs, but nobody would employ him long because of his health. One "light" job the Labour Exchange sent him to was at a brewery humping hogsheads of beer. At times he was reduced to living in lodging-houses.

It was on his doctor's advice that he started this little business of watch and clock repairing, which he began in April with some borrowed money.

HIS application for a licence to sell goods was rejected, as it was not considered essential to the public need. This was after he had spent a guinea on a small advertisement in a local paper and posted a notice in his shop saying that he was applying for a licence.

"Is this what Servicemen are to come back to?" he asks.

He should go into hospital, but dare not. "What would happen to my shop if I went into hospital for a few weeks?" he wonders.

BUT he is determined that even though red tape prevents him from building up his business sufficiently to provide him with a living, he will somehow retain his spirit of independence and not sink to the gutter.

We Won't Have Babies!

Young people to-day fight shy of families. Why? ALBERT NEVINSON, a twenty-five-year-old fitter, gives his answer in plain language : : :

THREE YEARS AGO Millie and I got married. I'd come out of the Army—it wasn't even Jerry's doing, but a stupid traffic mess-up in Hull—and I went straight back to my old job as a fitter in a small engineering works near Coventry.

Coventry had had a packet, and it wasn't very easy finding a house. Eventually we got two rooms in Chorley, use of bathroom, and one gas-ring to cook on. Millie's mother gave us an electric kettle.

Well, it wasn't my idea of a home; but there was a war on, and we wanted to get married. So we took the plunge, and I must say I've never regretted it.

Last month we had our third anniversary. Millie got off early from the office and cooked a chicken, believe it or not! The answer is her father keeps hens. It was quite a feat on one gas-ring; but we'd been talking to G.I.s, and that chicken was fried.

Then we sat down to talk it over, and, of course, in no time at all we got back to the old subject—children.

When the Trouble Starts

The fact is we want a baby. Millie says she wants at least four, but I suppose husbands are more cautious and like to take these things one at a time. Put it this way: we both want children, and we want to start now. We've lost a lot of time already.

Well, why not? In two small rooms with one gas-ring and the use of a rather dingy bathroom?

Millie, of course, would have to give up her job, and that would throw us back on my eight quid or so a week; which would work out at about £6 8s. after the income tax people had finished playing around with it; £6 18s. with a baby; £7 6s. if it happened to be twins.

You see we've worked it all out, and it always comes to the same in the end.

Not long after we were married there was a lot in the papers about the cost of having a baby. The cheapest I remember came to about £20 on the medical side and something over £36 for clothes, pram, cot, napkins, etc. As a matter of fact, we've got £60 in the bank, but what's the use of that? You have the baby, and then the trouble starts.

Prospect of Drudgery

I know quite well that lots of people have brought up children on a good deal less than £6 a week. I've no doubt we could do it if we had to.

I'd sell the motor-bike which I've just got out again with the new petrol ration. For the first time since we were married we've been able to get into the country at the week-ends, and we've been able to run across several times to see Millie's parents. Well, we could do without that.

And, of course, we'd have to cut out dancing and the pictures. Millie and I are rather fond of dancing, and we see most of the films that come to Coventry. Why not? There's nothing else to do. But you can't go gadding about at night with a baby in the house, even if you could afford it. Babies have to be looked after.

It would keep Millie away from her University Extension class on Monday nights, too. She's becoming quite an authority on economic history (of all things!), and she talked more sense than most people I listened to when the election was on.

It sounds as though I'm putting it all on to Millie, but I'm not. Nature did that in the first place, and you can't get round the facts. Millie's perfectly ready to stay at home and do all the work herself. She wants children, and she says it's worth it.

I'm not so sure. I've seen other blokes' wives turn into dull shapeless drudges in practically no time at all, and though Millie's not that type there's limits to what any woman can stand.

And where do we get a house? Even if the two of us were willing to put up with the congestion and our landlords below don't object, it's still no place for a baby. And Millie wants four.

So we go on talking. And meanwhile the papers, and the magazines, the radio and the parsons, and the chap that takes Millie's Monday class all say we're committing race suicide.

A Nation of Old Folk?

It seems that as things are in this country every five women now manage among them to bring up only four girls in the next generation to child-bearing age. In Japan five women produce six in the next generation.

Result: Japanese population goes up—not steadily, but faster and faster. British population goes down.

Every ten years from now on there will be fewer and fewer Englishmen and Scots and Welsh and Northern Irish.

The rot hasn't yet set in as fast as it will, for the effect of a falling birthrate has been partly counteracted by improvements in medicine. People live longer, and fewer children die in infancy.

But one thing that is already beginning to tell is the average age of the community. In this country it's well over forty. In Russia it's somewhere in the twenties.

A community dominated by old (or elderly) men loses its drive. It plays safe. It's afraid of taking risks. It falls behind in new ideas and inventions, in enterprise and efficiency.

The way to bring down the average age and get back a proper balance between enterprise and experience is to have lots of children.

This country wasn't always so short of infants. Seventy-five years ago there were more than two and a half times as many births for every 1,000 women as there are now. What's gone wrong?

Education Deters the Women

Birth control, you answer? But that's superficial. People don't like birth control for its own sake; in the way, for example, they like beer.

It's possible that the conditions of modern industrial life make people less able to have children even when they want them. I've known several couples that would have given a lot to have a baby, only it didn't happen.

There's a theory that nerve strain tends to make people infertile. The high speed of city life is supposed to have a sterilising effect. I wonder. What about the notorious increase in the birthrate which seems to overtake most communities in war time?

There's a theory that too many hot baths make a difference. The fertilising sperm does not take kindly to soap or hot water. So what? The Japs have for centuries been taking more baths than most people, and a great deal hotter. And look at them to-day.

What seems much more likely is that—birth control or no birth control—when people get educated they have fewer children. Particularly when women get educated. They find there are other things in the world besides washing nappies and wiping noses eighteen hours a day.

If that's at the root of it, then it's time we faced the problem squarely. I for one do not hold with the Nazi ideas of keeping women in the kitchen and only letting them out to go to church. I like a wife who's a real companion and can talk sense when she sees a newsreel.

If you're worried about the Indians or the Chinese or the Japs (when we beat them) or anybody else breeding too fast, you can start right in and educate them as quickly as possible. That will almost certainly slow things up a bit.

It's no use getting sentimental about motherhood, unless we do something practical to make it worth while

But the other side of the problem is more difficult. How are we going to turn the tide and get more children in this country? You've got to make it worth while. And not only for the parents, but for the children, too.

Of course, there's Aldous Huxley's solution. You remember his "Brave New World," with its huge State incubators and rows of babies gestating in bottles all round the walls?

No, thank you. Producing the next generation is still (thank heaven) a job for private enterprise. In fact, it's what they used to call a cottage industry. If only we had a cottage. . . .

The Civilised Way to Families

And so we're back on the old argument. Millie and I want children. Even if we were willing to throw away every bit of comfort and every other interest—pictures, classes, outings in the country, dancing occasionally, everything that seems to us to make life worth living—even if I was willing to work all day and scrub floors all night while Millie cooked and washed and sewed and nagged through half a dozen dragging pregnancies—what would it be for? To bring up six unfortunate infants to throw away *their* lives in the same meaningless drudgery—if they don't get blown to pieces in another war.

No. If we're going to be civilised, we've got to learn to be civilised and have children at the same time.

Family allowances will help. They ought to be bigger. Seven quid a week is not enough for four children, with all the things you can do in this world—and the prices they charge.

Nurseries will help. Evening nurseries as well as day nurseries. Mothers make better mothers if they get some time off, and children make better citizens if they play with other children.

It Will Always Be Hard Work

The whole business of being pregnant, and having a baby, and recovering and nursing it afterwards, ought to be made easier. Medical services and hospital services should be available to everybody without hanging around in dreary waiting-rooms or feeling you're sponging on charity.

And, of course, houses. The kind of house you could at least imagine yourself wanting to bring up a family in. With room to turn round, and somewhere for them to play, and sunshine, and a rent that still leaves enough for good clothes, good food, and one or two outside interests.

At that it will still be hard work. But, as Millie says, it will be worth it.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. H. U. Willink,

Minister of Health

DEAR MR. WILLINK,—It is intolerable that, while overcrowding is rampant and men return from the Forces to find no shelter available, houses should stand empty to suit owners who hope to profit from the growing scarcity

"Vigilantes" in seaside towns are seizing such properties for homeless families. By thus defying the law, though with the best of motives, they introduce into our public life a poisonous influence which might end by destroying healthy democracy.

Far the better way is to legislate so that persons rightly aggrieved and justly incensed by speculation in houses shall no longer have cause to feel contempt for a law that protects the speculators. This you can do by strengthening the local authorities' powers of requisitioning, and by compelling the local authorities to use those strengthened powers. At the same time, you should induce your Ministerial colleagues of the fighting Services to de-requisition the many properties they don't really need any longer.

I can't believe it is beyond the wit of legal brains to defeat the speculator who, faced with requisitioning, moves in an "accommodation" tenant or by some other device defeats the local authority.

This is only one facet of the far greater problem of providing an abundance of houses by the methods of planning and priority that enabled this nation to provide an abundance of munitions. But it is a very important facet, and the next move is yours.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Will Hays,

American Film Industry Censor

DEAR SIR,—I do not doubt that your motives are as pure as the morning dew. Or that your sense of humour is as dry as the deserts of Arizona.

Does Shakespeare's *Henry V* call an illegitimate child by its short Saxon word, and does its rough warriors use language popular with most of the troops to-day? Then, according to you, Shakespeare must be censored—lest he should make the soldiers blush and cause the sophisticated damsels of Broadway to swoon.

True, *Romeo and Juliet* did not bother you. But that was an American film, and you probably decided that its virile language was sufficiently disguised by the accents of its American players. Whereas, of course, the English-produced *Henry V* makes a spade sound uncommonly like a spade.

So I do not accuse you of a bias against British films. I merely reflect that Shakespeare, for all his strong language, will be going strong when the name of Hays has become dim in men's memory.—JOHN BULL.

Let the homeless into the empty houses, Mr. Willink

Lady Allen of Hurtwood,

The Children's Champion

DEAR LADY ALLEN,—Who are the unhappiest children in Britain? But for those who are persistently beaten or neglected, I should agree with you that they are to be found in official "homes."

They are deliberately shut off from the outside world. Usually, too, the grim barracks into which they are herded are confined to one sex, one religion, or to the illegitimate.

I think you will agree with me in saying that the local authority is usually to blame for not insisting on more humane conditions. But that does not absolve the rest of us from responsibility. So many of us do not trouble to vote at local elections, let alone choose the best type of councillors. The result is that we get the local authority we deserve—but it is the very young, who have no voice in public affairs, who have to pay the price of our neglect and indifference.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler,

Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Britain is desperately short of labour. Never—not even in the touch-and-go days of 1940—has the "man-power problem" been so acute.

Insufficient labour this autumn will mean no potatoes next Spring. Insufficient labour will hold up the production of those household goods we so badly need, and the goods we must sell abroad in order to buy the food we cannot grow ourselves. And we need more than the labour available to get on with the job that is almost frightening in its immensity—Reconstruction.

You know all this? Of course you do. But I fancy you need a reminder, for most of the healthy, hefty German prisoners in this country are still consuming food without producing anything in return.

Put them all to work! Not merely because they must help to repair the ravages their country provoked, but because the world cannot be put straight unless the whole world gets down to the job.—JOHN BULL.

Col. W. F. Fuller,

Member of Wiltshire Education Committee

DEAR COLONEL,—Good luck to you in your efforts to stop the Wiltshire Education Committee making parents pay part of the cost of children's swimming tuition. Every child should be taught to swim, whether the parents' income is twenty pounds a week or only two. Keep it up!—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

FRICTION

IT IS A COMMON HABIT to treat friction as one of the irritants of life. Of course, from one point of view that's right enough. On the other hand, it is the thing that calls out the qualities that make for success.

It does not seem good, somehow, that human nature should have the road of life made too easy. Lack of friction, lack of some sort of resistance to overcome seems to lead to physical and intellectual laziness, and thence to disintegration and decay.

There was once an eminent judge who was asked what contributed most to success at the bar. "Some succeed," he replied, "by great talent, some by high connections, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

The fact is that it is the tendency of all matter to rest, and it requires the exercise of no little force to overcome this innate inertia. That is why, when something has to be done, it should be done *immediately*.

In that way, by such a repeated exercise of the will, a habit of industry can very quickly be formed—for that valuable quality of "industry" is nothing more mysterious than the immediate employment of mind and body in whatever job has to be tackled. And that is something that can be learned. You can train yourself to do that.

There is an Indian maxim which says: "It is better to walk than to run; better to stand still than to walk; better to sit than to stand; better to lie down than to sit." Reverse all that, and you have a very handy guide to life!

Argument

A new Education Act. Our entire scholastic system in the melting-pot . . . Therefore

SHOULD THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS BE ABOLISHED?

Yes

1. The public schools are not public. A blot on our democracy, they remain the strongholds of privilege and caste.
2. Not only in instruction and tradition are they anti-democratic, they are also exclusive employment agencies sharing out the plums in Industry, State and Church.
3. The notorious "public-school manner" has earned us world-wide hatred. The pukka sahibs have lost us the friendship of India.
4. Of the scholarships available, a few enable workers' sons to risk infection with the public school virus, but most are reserved for "hard-ups" among the upper class.
5. Facing intense trade rivalries, we dare not continue to give our first-rate education to wealthy second-raters.
6. The best public schools inculcate duty, though too often duty to class. Their host of low-grade imitators copy their vices, but not their virtues.
7. Many public schools were founded for the education of the poor. The State should recover such misapplied legacies, making a clean sweep of the whole system.

No

1. The public schools are part of the structure of our nation. Any sudden change in their character, which drained our reservoirs of leadership, might produce serious consequences.
2. Far from being reactionary, they are utterly democratic in atmosphere. The duke's son gets nowhere at school save on his own merits.
3. The tradition of fair play on the sports field, which the public schools maintain, has made British justice respected throughout the world.
4. It is not the true "public school manner" which is hated, but the unfortunate imitations of it.
5. The teaching at the best public schools is entirely free from class bias. Attlee, Dalton, Noel-Baker to name no other Labour leaders are public school men.
6. Some of the finest educational experiments have been made at public schools. Sanderson of Oundle, for example, won the admiration of H. G. Wells.
7. The public schools are slowly adapting themselves to the modern world. Scholarships continually increase in number. State control might destroy precious qualities of independence, with no corresponding gain.

MENACE OF THE FRONTIER

What will the Big Three talk about? First and foremost, frontiers. Source of past wars and present disputes, they may bring a Third World War unless the world agrees to abolish them

says A. G. Gardiner

THE EYES AND HOPES of the world are fixed upon Potsdam. It is fitting that the first meeting of the Big Three after victory has crowned their labours should be held on the spot associated with the memory of Frederick the Great.

It was there that Prussian militarism had its birth. It is there we dig its grave.

A tremendous and blood-stained chapter in world history is closed. But a new chapter is opened, and it is the writing of that chapter that brings the Big Three to Potsdam. On their deliberations the destiny of mankind depends.

In discussing the prospects of the meeting, a note of caution must be sounded. We must beware of excessive optimism. We must not expect too much and we must be prepared for disappointments.

The First Task at Potsdam

Rome was not built in a day, and the task before us is much more than the building of Rome. It is the building of a new world on specifications which will have to satisfy the interests not of one country only, but of a hundred different countries.

This can only be done by a universal spirit of give-and-take and by keeping the goal resolutely in mind. The choice before us is World Order or Chaos.

In face of this choice, the idea of failure must be ruled out. No sacrifice that any of us is called upon to make is too high for the attainment of the object we all have in common. For we sink or swim together.

It was the realisation of this that enabled the United Nations to overcome all the difficulties at San Francisco. The same compelling motive should assure equal success at Potsdam.

No problem that confronts the conference will be more difficult than the demarcation of the new Europe.

First and foremost, what is to be done with Germany? The Reich has ceased to exist, but the German nation must be planned anew on a pattern that will do two things.

It must prevent her ever again being a menace to the peace of the world, and it must enable her to play her part in the economic recovery of Europe.

What About Germany?

What are the boundaries within which the Germans will ultimately enjoy political independence? They must be severely curtailed. East Prussia will never return to German occupation and the western bank of the Rhine will largely pass into other control, national or international.

With a Germany truncated east and west and confined perhaps between the Rhine and the Oder, the question of her constitution will be one of the gravest problems for consideration at Potsdam.

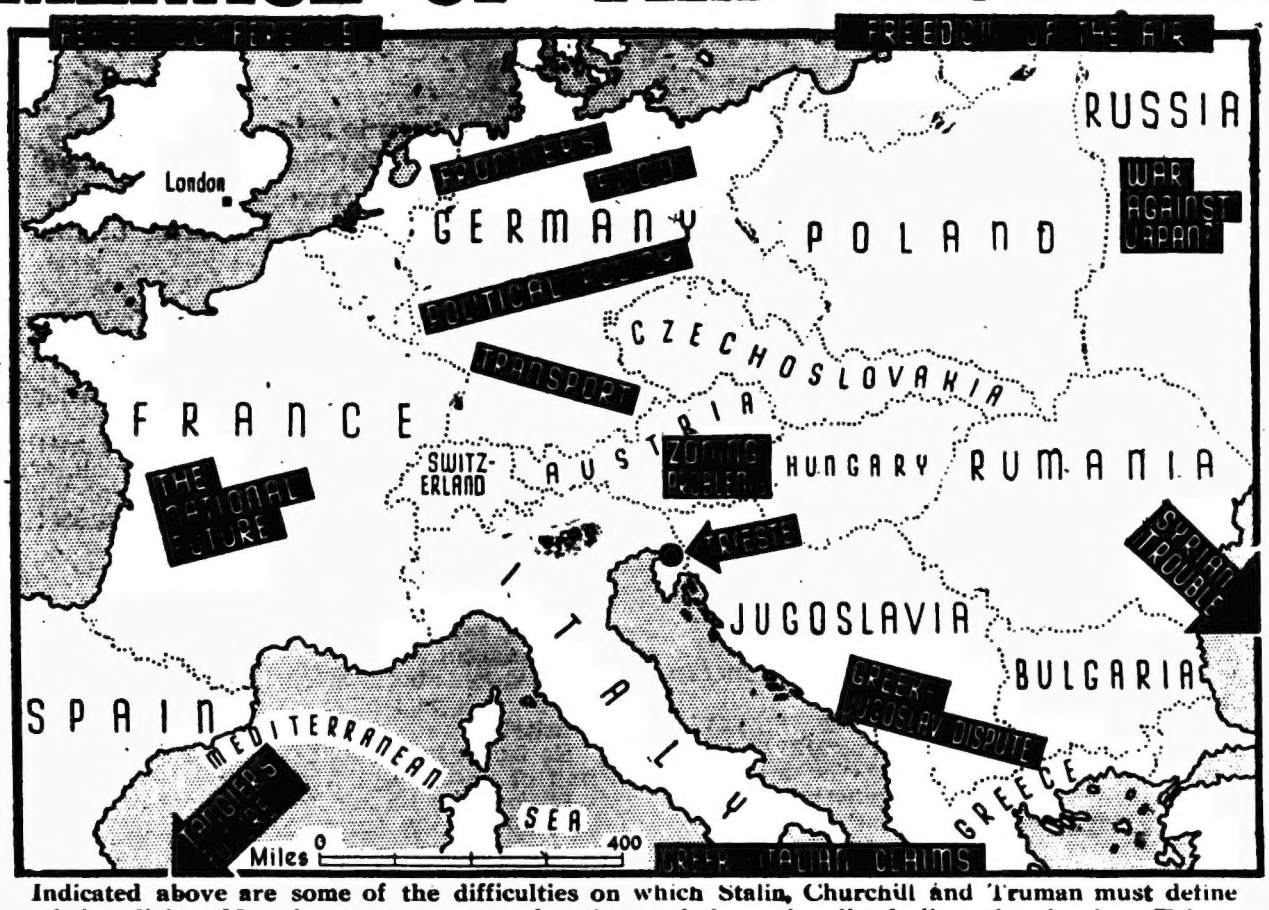
It will not be finally settled there, of course, for this, like all other questions affecting the permanent structure of Europe, must await the decisions of the Peace Conference.

But the lead given at Potsdam is likely to foreshadow the future constitution of Germany.

The case for or against the break-up of the nation is about equally strong, but in this matter the wishes of the Germans themselves might well be the deciding factor. The hopes of the future should not be poisoned by the sense of injustice.

The Rhine and Danubian States would possibly of their own volition desire to cut their connection with Prussia. Austria certainly would, and in her case there should be some mitigation of the economic disasters inflicted on her by the Peace of Versailles.

Not less difficult than the delimitation of Germany will be the boundary problems presented to



Indicated above are some of the difficulties on which Stalin, Churchill and Truman must define their policies. Note how many concern frontiers and the nationalist feelings they inspire. Trieste, the future of Austria, Tangier, France's bid for new prestige, the freedom of the air, are examples

the Big Three elsewhere, especially in the Balkans.

We have had a foretaste of these problems in the ill-judged attempt of Marshal Tito to jump a claim in the Trieste and Carinthian region. The attempt has been very properly brought to heel.

But the whole region of the Balkans bristles with conundrums, from Transylvania to the most critical theatre of all—the Dardanelles. Every war for a century has left behind a mass of frontier knots for the ensuing peace to unravel, and for the next war to knit again.

Out-moded National Boundaries

And though the infamous rule of "Abdul the Damned," which made the Balkans the cauldron of seething unrest for a generation, has been replaced by an enlightened and peaceful Turkey, the region is still the political plague-spot of Europe.

If the Potsdam Conference can point the way to an enduring settlement of the Balkan chaos it will make no small contribution to the peace of the world.

There are new factors in the situation to-day which should make these frontier issues less insoluble than of old.

In the past they arose largely on strategic grounds. But modern war, with its mechanised weapons, and, above all, through its obliteration of frontiers by the aeroplane, has made the strategic boundary an outworn creed.

If there is one indisputable lesson from this war it is that neither mountains nor rivers, Maginot lines nor Siegfried lines are an effective defence against an enemy who can command bigger and better and more abundant bombers.

And there is another reason why the frontier has lost its significance. The whole economic and social tendency of modern life is towards the elimination of national boundaries as barriers to trade and intercourse.

Broadcasting, aviation, the interchanges of trade, the post and telegraph, the *wagon-lit* that carries us through from Calais to Stamboul without a change—all these are making the world one and indivisible in spite of our obstinate political parochialisms.

The economic integration of Europe and of the world is implicit in all the triumphs of science. Rather than implement this blessed fact, mankind has twice made a shambles of the world. But the blessed fact will prevail in the end—even though it should need a Third World War to teach us sense.

Our Fate Waits on Their Wisdom

Let us pray that it will not. Much depends on the meeting at Potsdam.

Not the least of its fruits should be a cleansing of the atmosphere of the suspicion and distrust that are the most deadly enemy of our hopes.

While the suspicion of each other's motives poisons the relations of the great Powers, the Peace will be in danger.

Disagreements and sharp clashes of conflicting interests there will be, but confidence in each other's good faith there must be.

That confidence can only come from strict adherence to the principles of the Atlantic Charter: "No aggrandisement territorial or other." "No territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned."

San Francisco showed both the dangers of disruption and the capacity of good will and honest intention to overcome them triumphantly. The Triumvirate at Potsdam can hammer home that lesson with ringing blows.

And public opinion in all countries must give them inspiration and encouragement. It is our fate which is in the balance. We dare not let them fail.

BARRIERS TO PEACE

BEFORE the war there were 112 frontiers in Europe alone. While Eire had only one (with Northern Ireland) and Portugal only one (with Spain), Germany had ten, Austria and Yugoslavia seven each, and so on.

Scores of changes were made in the Balkan frontiers between 1878 and 1914. The extreme bitterness they aroused created many "incidents"—including the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo, which precipitated the First World War.

No one needs reminding that it was Hitler's expansion of Germany's boundary lines that led to the worst horror the world has ever seen.

Or that Trieste, Greek claims on Italy, the division of Germany, and other frontier problems present fresh barriers to pemanent peace.

In the Name of Charity

Service men and women are coming home. Should they have to rely on alms to help them over the difficulties of peace? JOHN BULL says No. But the public is always willing to make good the State's neglect: there are 10,000 war charities in existence. Many of them are shams. After long investigation, we give here the facts of the gigantic "charity" ramp which plagues all Britain

THE GREAT RELIGIONS of the world place charity high among the virtues. So much is it part of our own faith that from time immemorial, and nowhere more than in Britain, an appeal to "Christian charity" has had compelling power.

Slow to express our emotions in words, we are quick to give them practical expression.

The story is told of a speaker who was sorrowing eloquently at the lot of the poor when a Quaker interrupted him. "Friend, I sorrow ten pounds. How much dost thou sorrow?" That Quaker summed up the feelings of us all.

For though we have faults enough, meanness is not among them

In London alone the twenty-three flag days of 1943 produced £635,596, against £547,519 collected on twenty-two days during the previous year. Nor are the provinces less generous

From flag days, broadcasts, matinées, special appeals, the money pours in. Exact figures are hard to come by, but experts are agreed that contributions to charity in these islands total each year not less than £50,000,000.

Banks Trust Human Kindness

So generous has been recent public response to appeals on behalf of merchant seamen alone that leading and recognised maritime charities have collected £2,000,000 more than they have been able to spend.

Even more astonishing than the size of the total collection figure is its steadiness. An East End clergyman laying plans far ahead was reminded by one of his helpers that their account was already overdrawn. "Oh, that's all right," he said, "the bank won't worry. They know when the time comes I shall send out an appeal. The public will give us the money. They always have, they always will."

There was a fine simplicity in the faith behind those words. It is good to know that a bank rates as gilt-edged security the certainty that British kindliness will continue. But simple faith is none the worse for a dash of shrewdness.

There is another side to this picture: a record not of kindness and good sense, but of corruption and credulity. Each year at least £10,000,000, subscribed by open-handed, unsuspicious citizens, goes straight to the pockets of the charity racketeer.

For that East End clergyman is not alone in his knowledge

The steady yearly stream of £50,000,000, from which one small trickle never fails to reach him, has long attracted a certain peculiarly unpleasant type of mind. Whatever their surface differences, these pests are psychologically identical.

Race of Uriah Heeps

Whether found in a back-street mission or on the fringes of fashionable society, the charity crook of either sex has well-defined characteristics: an engaging manner, a fluent tongue and pen, an instinctive skill in trading on human emotions, a cold and rather slimy heart.

Redeeming qualities they have none: these creatures creep and crawl. No mystery surrounds them. Their names and methods, precisely indexed, are all set down at Scotland Yard.

Yet in no other type of crime are returns more certain, risks so negligible. Year in, year out, they obtain huge sums with impunity. Investigate their activities and you will be astounded at the powerlessness of the law.

A few years ago two Scotland Yard detectives called at the headquarters of a charitable concern called the "Poor Children's Society." The Home Office, they told the organiser, Mr. George Henry Breton, thought it best that he should close down immediately.

Mr. Breton, mostly known for years as the "Rev Breton," took their advice. After all, why not? He had money in the bank, a pleasant house in the country. Besides, he was getting on; a man values peace and quiet at eighty.

A Very Comfortable Old Age

So the venerable, white-haired figure accepted the ultimatum.

His story is both instructive and amazing. In 1885 he was a post-office sorter. Why not become a charity?

He began in a small way with an appeal on behalf of hungry children.

Before long he had better offices at Shaftesbury Hall, Trinity Street, Borough, London, S.E., and his appeals, mass-printed and illustrated, were reaching every part of the country. Rapidly he learned what wording fetched in the money and what did not.

Children were the safest proposition. The picture of a child in distress invariably brought the cheque-books into action; it also brought shillings and sixpences from those who had little enough themselves.

"My Plea for the Prisoners of the Slums!" ran the heading of his most successful appeal. Liberally besprinkled with scriptural texts, his glossy pamphlets claimed that a million sick children had been helped by his fund, which had sixty centres where free meals were distributed.

Overpaid Agents

There was mention of country cottages and seaside convalescent homes. On one page were pictures of ragged children whimpering pitifully for food; on the other they were shown splashing happily in the sea.

At the height of his fame he toured the coast resorts organising fêtes and carnivals, a princess on one occasion presiding at the opening ceremony. Over the final ceremony he himself invariably presided—the counting of the hard cash, and its swift, though devious, disposal.

In one single year, after wages, commission, and overhead costs had been deducted, his own vague account showed that there remained a balance, most vaguely accounted for, of more than £6,000.

Often he would bewail the base ingratitude of those whom he had "trained." They in their turn spoke of him as a back-number, too cautious and old-fashioned in his methods, a drag on the wheel. Even so, at the time of his retirement he was still doing pretty well, with branches in Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Plymouth, Bournemouth, Chatham, and Hull. All this despite the Scotland Yard report on his activities, one cautious sentence in which sums up the whole affair:

"This charity has been run in a very slipshod manner, mostly to provide a living for those concerned."

It is only fair to say that many of his agents were honest, though grossly overpaid.

But just how many charities that description covers it is hard to be sure.

At the end of 1943, when official figures were last obtainable, there were nearly 10,000 "war" charities in existence in different parts of the country.

Over 60 per cent. were not even registered, and many more have been started since then.

They Can Afford to Laugh at the Law

But the known shams are many, and the natural question arises, why if the facts are discovered is the charity shark not promptly curbed?

Unfortunately, the position is far from simple, the fault lying not with the police, whose painstaking investigations are wholly admirable, but with the law of the land.

As the law stands at present anyone who likes can start a charity.

There is no investigation, no sureties to be furnished, no licence to be obtained.

A war charity, of course, should be registered—though the application is far too often a mere formality, and the regulations were framed so quickly that their looseness has left many loopholes which clever promoters were not slow to exploit.

Many are identical with one conducted for years until comparatively recently in the name of the Priscilla Aid Society Mission, Bow, London, E., with branches in different parts.

They rent for a few shillings weekly a dilapidated hall, hold sham services, dispense some watery soup, weak tea, and dry bread, take twenty or thirty children short charabanc trips in summer—and when the money rolls in from your

Into the collecting box go the coins o[illegible] to disappear in the "expenses" of[illegible]

WHEN YOU BUY A FLAG

- **£150,000,000 has been collected for charity since the war began.**
- **Some "charities" devote only 3d. in the pound to the causes for which they beg your support. One promoter pocketed £120,000 in recent years.**
- **In this way, the public is swindled of £10,000,000 every year**
- **Four Government inquiries have admitted grave abuses. Yet the law is still in tatters; the registration of charities is a farce.**

...s of the generous—all too often
...s of the rich charity promoter

pitiful appeals (they're worded, of course, to make your "mission" seem a national institution!) you can pocket what you like "as expenses" with impunity.

The law can't touch you. As long as a definite sum has gone to charity, you can laugh at the law.

An investigation of this particular mission proved not only that it was unworthy, but that some of the children supposedly helped by the fund were working unpaid, scrubbing floors and peeling potatoes in the founder's comfortable private house.

Already there are signs that a spate of new charities, genuine, fake and borderline, will come now that the war in Europe is over.

The rot must be stopped.

True charity, that lovely virtue, praised in such perfect language by Christ and by St. Paul, must be rid of the parasites which cling to it. The whole vast field must be combed with thoroughness.

Useless and fraudulent societies, back-street missions, bogus homes, camps, clubs, free meal centres, must face searching questions as to their aims and origins. There must be closer scrutiny of all those many functions which lay claim to charitable purposes, fêtes, matinées, boxing shows, gala balls.

Give Generously but Wisely

The charity rackets must be ended.

This is a task for all of us; the good citizens' duties are clear.

Give generously, but first make sure to whom you are giving.

Next, press for an immediate tightening of the regulations to give detectives on the trail of the charity crook the powers they require.

No huge inspectorate will be needed. Scotland Yard, now that its personnel is being strengthened, are confident and curtly realistic. Give us the laws, they say, and we will finish the job.

NEXT WEEK : Our second and concluding article will outline the remedies.

HOW FREE IS THE PRESS?

Remember how some newspapers behaved in the Election? Plainly, no people can be free unless their Press is free from coercion or corruption. HANNEN SWAFFER deals frankly with this vital subject.

OFTEN, PEOPLE ASK ME if there is such a thing as the "freedom of the Press." "Have the newspapers any influence?" is another question I frequently hear.

Well, a newspaper or a review is in the same position as a man. Like him, it has as much freedom as it insists on, except that, also like him, its freedom is limited to the extent that the law prevents it from becoming an indulgence that is offensive, libellous or anti-social. Except in war time, there is no censorship.

Apart from that general statement, however, newspapers suffer from interpretations of a libel law that often leave them at the mercy of legal harpies who institute bogus actions on behalf of clients whom they encourage. In consequence, many abuses remain unchecked and innumerable scoundrels continue nefarious activities that should long since have been stopped.

Truth Makes Us Cowards

That, in the public interest, should be put right. It might be but for two things—a fear of the Press by politicians, and the fact that, in recent years, there has grown up a form of yellow journalism that needs check. So the decent newspapers, by far the majority, suffer because of the few.

Frankly, though I would say to critics who complain of what they call newspaper cowardice, "How much truth would you tell, if you started to write?"

No living man, I venture to assert, would dare to write—or to express in spoken words—all that he thought. How many, I wonder, would print, in a book, if anyone would publish it, his real opinions about his own family, his views on sex, or his inmost thoughts on anything? How many would publish anything that would harm them in business, or stand in the way of their promotion or success?

And how many would be so foolishly brave as to shock, to horrify, or to alarm?

Shocks About Sex

Leon Blum, even when he was Prime Minister of France, and G. B. Shaw, in his old age, were very frank about their sex relationships. They defied public opinion.

George Moore, too, was once very outspoken in *Memoirs of My Dead Life*; but he was accused of exaggerating boastfully. Although there may have been a few others, I do not recall their names.

The plain fact is that people do not like the truth when they hear it. It sears. It scorches. It blisters. It hurts.

They prefer it to be wrapped up, or to be watered down.

You could not tell all the truth about anything until everyone was dead, when it would not matter and when it would do neither harm nor good.

So it is that a newspaper's freedom of expression is limited to the degree of the prejudices of its readers. It is no good printing what people will not buy.

The price paid by a newspaper in defying mass opinion of that type is indeed high. Northcliffe, when he attacked Kitchener, then at the height of his fame, over shell-shortage, risked the future of all his vast business, and for a time suffered very great losses.

These Press peers are, top: Lord Astor of the "Observer," and, below, Lord Rothermere of the "Daily Mail" group

W. T. Stead who, to prove the truth of his statement, made in his *Modern Babylon* articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that young girls could be bought and sold in London, was sent to jail for a nominal purchase of one, although he handed her immediately into the care of the Salvation Army! Ernest Parke, when editor of the *Star*, was imprisoned for what was held to be criminal libel.

The way of the crusader is, indeed, hard and stony!

The fault lies not with journalists, but with the public. They get as much truth as they deserve—as much, indeed, as they demand.

Churchill Attacked

I did not hear much favourable comment when the *Manchester Guardian*, two days before the election, was bold enough to say, "Mr. Churchill's efforts to dominate Parliament and the country have reached a point that can only be called indecent," called his two broadcasts "a one-man band" and accused him of exploiting the nation's affection for him because of his war leadership for personal ends.

"Shameless," "the most partisan of politicians," "chicanery" and "determined at any price to win" were other of that brave journal's criticisms. In every one, it risked unpopularity.

Then, both *The Times* and the *Observer*, despite their Conservative traditions, had the courage to remain neutral in the election and to hold the balance between Toryism and Labour. They earned increased respect from the thinking electorate; but, even if newsprint had been in greater supply, I doubt if their sales would have increased. Most of their readers, I believe, are Conservatives. Well, it is news, and not leading articles, that sells British newspapers.

Then, how much influence have newspapers? If they ignore the mass of opinion, they have little or none. In that sense, they are like public speakers. If they stay a little in advance of it, leading it as a father leads a child, they have a good deal.

But, when they defy it, or fail to understand its volume or its depth, their influence is non-existent.

More Papers Wanted

The two historic instances are our General Election of 1906, when nearly all the papers were Conservative and yet the Liberals, including Churchill, were returned by a majority of 200, and the two American elections in which Roosevelt held his position as President despite the fact that 80 per cent. of his country's newspapers attacked him.

The election result that will be declared next week may well be another reminder to Journalism that its powers to influence are limited to the extent of its wisdom and common-sense. Generally, at least in my view, it lags behind a public opinion that wants change, social betterment and a higher standard of living. Generally, it fails to see the writing on the wall.

One thing beyond all others that it must now check—the increasing pressure brought upon it from Government circles. That pressure tried to prevent, in 1939, criticism of civil defence plans that were a scandal. It delayed, in 1941, the wholesale building of tanks, our shortage in which was only remedied by the use of the Shermans that were so invaluable in North Africa. It was used to weaken criticism of individual Ministers and their Departments.

Gagged!

Nor was that pressure confined to any one of the Parties. Even Labour men who had been attacked all their lives became touchy.

Another thing that, in the interests of the country, should be remedied is the fact that in many Socialist cities in the provinces all the newspapers are anti-Socialist. They print only opinions that are defiant of those held by the majority of their readers! Yet there are no others for the citizens to buy. They have to support their enemies!

Yes, in many Labour boroughs, Labour has no voice! Its mouth is gagged. Its views are either suppressed or distorted.

The remedy for that is what will probably be something we shall see in the near future—the birth of a multiplicity of all kinds of journals with comparatively small circulations, some of which will express the opinions of minority groups. Only if every one has a voice can there be real freedom.

As it is, our Press is very largely controlled by a handful of men, most of whom belong to the reactionary classes which are blind to the fact that Britain to-day is resurgent and that the mass of our fellow-countrymen are dreaming new dreams, thrilled with new hopes and full of new aspirations.

The Typist Who Bought Out Her Boss

Poor Boy Makes Good reports are taken for granted nowadays. But here is a book with a new twist—the true story of a half-starved girl who beat business men at their own game

SOMEWHERE IN THE DRAB backwaters of the City Road, London, Miss Gordon Holmes began her career in a world where she was sometimes too poor to buy lunch, and the idea of squandering 2d. on a glass of lemonade was a millionaire's dream. Yet in the end she became a company director, earned £5,000 a year, and proceeded to buy up the companies which once employed her.

In her book, *In Love With Life* (Hollis and Carter, 15s.), Miss Holmes swings into her story with a bubble and vitality which more than justify the title she has chosen.

We have heard of the office boy who emerged as a captain of industry. But the typist who outdistanced even the captains of industry and beat the stockbrokers at their own game, is something quite new.

Miss Holmes began her career as a typist at £1 a week. Within two weeks she was sacked for incompetence.

"Fortunately it was raining hard, and I was able to hide under an umbrella the tears that were streaming down my face," she writes.

The Wise Child Grew Up

Then a middle-aged Dane came down from the North of England to open a London office. Miss Holmes applied for a job and was taken on, again at £1 a week. She was told to arrive at 9 a.m. At ten minutes to the hour she reached the building to find the door locked.

She spent the next ten minutes memorising the complicated names on the door. Half an hour later, her new boss dictated a letter using just those names, and she slid them down on paper with an ease which astonished him.

Her first big moment came when Mr. Ravens, the manager, went down with quinsy and was too ill even to talk on the telephone. A situation developed which might have sent a young girl, totally unaccustomed to the hard way of the business world, running off to get advice from an old hand.

A consignment of eggs arrived to be sold at the best prices on a falling market. The buyers saw this as a gift when they found they were dealing with a typist suddenly bereft of her boss.

They put up a price, but Miss Holmes capped it. They tried to persuade her. She remained unmoved. They then resold in the open market at the price they had offered, and demanded delivery of the goods. Miss Holmes simply refused to hand over the necessary shipping documents unless they paid her price.

They fumed, they threatened, they used all the wiles a business man knows, but in the end Miss Holmes won. Even so, the buyers complained to Mr. Ravens that she had taken advantage of her brief authority to demand a price not in keeping with a falling market. Ravens merely laughed and backed Miss Holmes. A girl of nineteen had outwitted one of the keenest bunches of business men in the city.

Eight years slipped by, and Miss Holmes graduated from £1 a week to the munificence of £2. Then she decided that the time had come to make a stand. With great daring she went in and demanded a rise of 5s.

The bosses were taken aback. The idea of a woman earning £2 5s. a week was something they could not countenance, and, with a polite show of reluctance, they said it was impossible.

Shortly afterwards, to their further astonishment, Miss Holmes walked out.

At this point in her story her book reveals what had been going on behind the scenes all the time. She writes: "For four years I went without lunch or food of any sort from 8 o'clock in the morning until my evening meal at 7 o'clock—and I spent nothing on anything that could be done without. But as I had never had anything to spend, I can't say that I felt the hardship."

By living in this way, Miss Holmes had amassed the sum of £100. Now she decided to satisfy an ambition which had grown from childhood, the ambition to see America.

Another "big success" coincided with this. In her spare time Miss Holmes had written a novel. The first publisher to whom she sent it accepted the manuscript and paid her £25 down.

So, with £125 in her pocket, Miss Holmes set off for America in a second-class cabin on the old *Baltic*.

She had an exciting trip, returned in high spirits, and quickly found someone willing to pay her £2 5s. a week. This

Once a £1-a-week typist, sacked for incompetence, she became a £5,000-a-year director

time she settled down to hard work in a Canadian financial house in the City.

Then came the war, and with it the biggest chance of all. One by one the staff in her office was called up, and at last Miss Holmes was left with a handful of girl typists and office boys. So, one morning, she took a deep breath and plunged into the terrifying business of keeping the whole organisation going. By working at high pressure until ten and eleven at night, and all the weekends, she held the place together.

Milestones to the Top

She threw her whole energy into keeping the business going, on a salary of less than £4 a week, and she more than succeeded. Yet when the boss came back he did nothing but criticise and found everything wrong from his point of view.

But now Miss Holmes had made a discovery. She had discovered her own abilities. I can only set down a few of the big moments in this lively book, but one of the milestones in the whole story was this moment when she really found herself.

She went to the boss with a demand, not a few extra shillings, but for £10 a week.

In the end he had to agree. It seemed the final heaven of her ambition, but it was only the beginning.

One day, not long afterwards, an old friend suggested that she should go into business on her own account. Where would she get the capital? That might be arranged, he said. He raised £10,000.

Miss Holmes joined forces with another of her ex-boss' employees, and within a few months their new company was prospering. The day was not far off when the one-time typist at £1 a week was directing a wealthy organisation which paid her £5,000 a year.

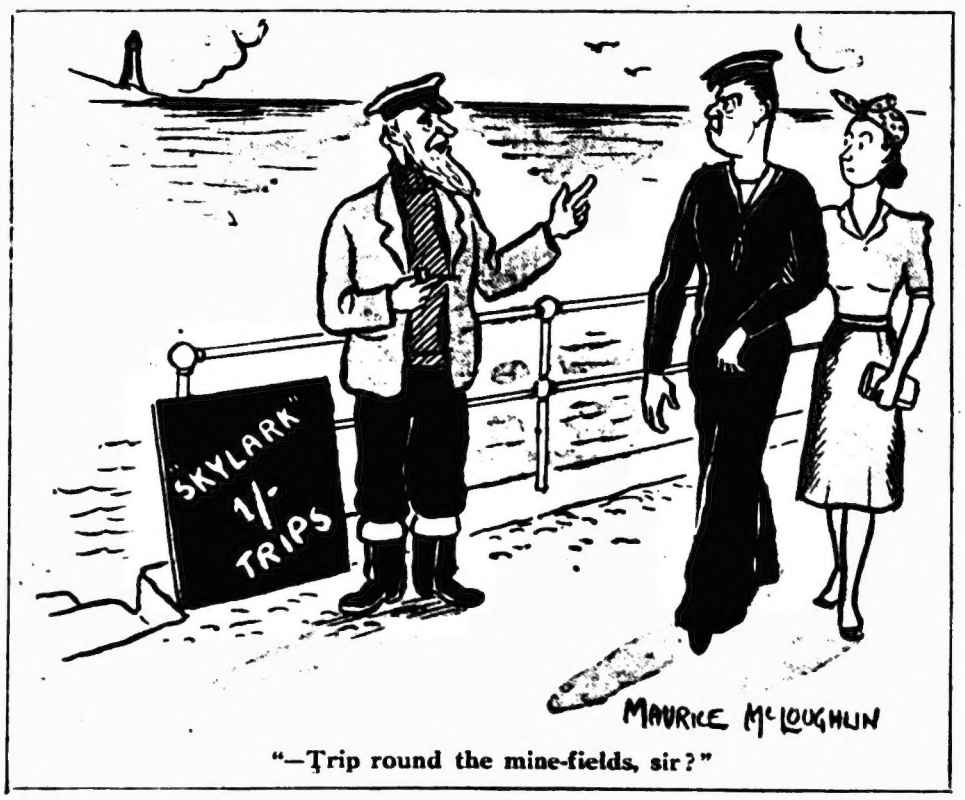
A Dream Came True

In the meantime, something else happened. In a way, it represented the keystone of Miss Holmes' career, because it realised the dream of millions of clerks, factory hands and typists throughout the world.

Seven years after she had opened up on her own account, Miss Holmes received an abrupt telephone message one day from her old boss. He wanted to see her. The meeting was arranged, and within five minutes three dramatic things happened.

First it became clear that his business was in a bad way. Second, she offered to buy it. Third, he accepted. The one-time typist had bought out her boss.

VINCENT BROME.



"—Trip round the mine-fields, sir?"

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Promising Outlook

HELLO, OLD BOY. Pleasant surprise—haven't seen you since we met in the polling booth. Glad to hear you did your duty and voted for the Right Man. Thought you were wavering a bit at one time, old man."

"Well, I thought . . ."

"I reckon we'll get in all right. I must admit I was a bit worried by the way the Services seemed to want to vote. But one of the papers said that only 10 per cent. of them were able to poll, so their votes won't affect us so seriously."

"But . . ."

"The only thing that bothers me is all these promises we made. Once we're in, people will expect us to do something. The question now, old boy, is how little need we do and still keep 'em happy?"

"But . . ."

"They never ought to have given out those Twelve Points. Tied us down too much. That recommendation for scrapping old industrial plant, for instance. We can't afford to scrap old plant. With new machinery we might get overproduction, and we all know that means a slump in the market."

"But . . ."

"NOW THIS BUSINESS of protecting the small man against the big organisations. It's awkward. I suggest we abolish the co-ops. first. That will cause a big outcry from co-op. members which we can use to show that people object to big organisations being abolished. Then we can leave the others in peace."

"But . . ."

"Housing, now, is a different matter. It's all very well for people to shout about Mulberry Harbour methods. They forget, old boy, that Mulberry was only built under the strictest direction and control—and we've promised to abolish controls."

"But . . ."

"The only thing I can see is to decide on a figure for housing, to make it look as if we're trying to do something. Say, for instance, we took each town individually and built 10 per cent. of the houses it needs. Wouldn't that be enough to satisfy people? Or could we even get away with 5 per cent.?"

". . .?"

"THE POINT I'm happiest about is the one calling for a powerful Britain. That gives us a chance to keep the armament factories running. The arms will all be obsolete before we can use them, of course, but it will provide employment."

"But . . ."

"And I tell you, old boy, this full employment that we've promised is going to be a real headache. In fact, the only plan I can see is to put two men on to each job and cut wages in half."

"But . . ."

"The root of the whole trouble, old boy, is this idea of demobilisation. As I said to Fothergill the other day, if they'd keep these men in the Army, all happy and contented with good pay and free food, clothes and lodging, we shouldn't thave all these questions about where they are to live or what jobs they are going to get."

Free Speech

"You Can Keep Your Civvy Street"

Ready for the unemployed? One woman's ambition. All the gruesome fun of an Italian fair. Holiday menu. Trapped Canadians. Soldiers think they are overfed

A FRIEND'S LAST words before he left for Greece after a month's leave in England were: "You can keep your Civvy Street." He preferred to be in the Army abroad, though he is not a professional soldier and has no special love for Service life.

Snag after snag occurred during his leave. Coupons, high prices, shortage of food, the everlasting restrictions which are everyday things to most of us, were more than he could bear. The last straw was a long train journey with the discomfort and bad manners of his fellow-passengers.

Those of us who remember coming back from the last war will understand one of my friend's arguments—the comradeship which makes Service life endurable simply does not exist in Civvy Street. And so the man who got home grousing that he'd have to leave again in a month went back happily with the belief that the Army abroad is not so bad after all. —W. A., Chilham, Kent.

Non-Smoking

SITTING NEXT to me in a cinema recently were three boys, aged ten or under, smoking cigarettes. If we want a strong

"Three boys under ten smoking cigarettes"

and healthy future generation, there should be a law against smoking under the age of sixteen. The penalty should be a fine to be paid by the persons responsible for the child.—W. S., Cambridge.

Priority at the Pits

NOWHERE IN SCOTLAND are houses more urgently needed than in Lanarkshire. The local council has an ambitious building programme ready to launch. The old story of shortage of labour and materials is holding it up. But at Uddingston, one of Lanarkshire's most important coal-getting districts, where hundreds of miners are living in homes without electricity, gas or even inside water, squads of workmen are busy building—an employment exchange.

This is no ordinary enterprise. It's a No. 1 Priority Job, built of the best materials money can buy. Obviously, it will have its uses. Lanarkshire coalowners have already decided that very soon Fife will be the centre of the Scottish industry. Already, many miners and their families have been transferred to Fife. But for the unwanted there will always be the No. 1 Priority Exchange at Uddingston.—W. MARTIN, 718, Carntyne Road, Glasgow, E.2.

Robbed, Deserted

WHY IS IT that women so often marry men who are rotters—or the other way round? I am a woman of thirty-seven, considered good-looking and smart. My husband is forty-one. After an infatuation with a young girl who worked with him, he stole half my home to provide one for her, and left me with our little daughter to feed and clothe. He allows me £2 a week, but I am lucky if I get it.

All I asked of life was to be happy with a home and children. I scarcely ever drink, but I am left either to be lonely and miserable or to go out and find company in the public-houses. How does one meet decent men who want nothing more than a decent woman provides?—MRS. E., Walthamstow, E.17.

A Father and the Japs

MY ONLY SON, who was in the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, died from acute enteritis while a prisoner of war in Japanese hands in Thailand. He died on November 15, 1943. The Japanese authorities have only now seen fit to notify the War Office.

God knows what our lads must have gone through in their captivity. My case, and many like it, are surely an incentive to beat the Japs into submission and enforce total surrender.—ADAM NOCKELS, 3, Tosson Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Italian Side-Show

I VISITED A FAIRGROUND in a great Italian city which is famous for its culture. The most popular side-show was a collection of waxworks. In England the police would have closed it down without hesitation. There were models of monstrosities that would be sickening if they were pictured even in a medical book.

Young Italians—men and women—giggled as they got their money's worth. It was a glimpse of the Middle Ages with its cruelty and obscenity. I felt that this commercialised gloating was a comment on the Italian people.—SIGNALMAN A. R. T., L. of C. Signals, C.M.F.

Nurses: A Tribute

FOR FOUR AND A HALF years I served in the Forces and during that time my wife deserted me and broke up our home without a thought for our two children. I got back to civilian life, and three weeks ago was involved in a serious accident. I was almost done for when they got me to hospital with a fractured skull and other injuries.

Now I have pulled through. The hospital was wonderful. The doctors and nurses have not only healed my wounds —they have restored my confidence in a crazy world. My bitterness has gone and

I am looking forward to the future. Whatever Government we have, let's hope they will give nurses more money and better conditions.—H. G., Yorks. (Address supplied.)

Fifteen Shilling Fish Cakes

I GOT BACK FROM a holiday in the North-East to read your article on profiteering by landladies (JOHN BULL, July 7). Though so weak from undernourishment that I could hardly stand, I applauded your remarks.

I did not expect peace time food when I was away, but I did expect a little more than bits of sausage or fish-cakes for 15s. a day. I really believe that North-East England is faring worse than anywhere else over food, but that is no reason why the landladies should pile on the prices. —MRS. T. R. W., Wolverhampton.

Smashing Idea

I SUGGEST LAMP-POSTS with plenty of glass be erected in the playgrounds of boys' schools so that the lads can throw as many stones as they like. This might rob the game of much of its fascination and would tend to lessen the dangers on public highways up and down the country.—MRS. E. C. ATKIN, 12, Dunholm Road, N.9.

Cool Comfort

IT IS NOT UNCOMMON now to see a man brave enough to flout convention by walking or cycling through the streets wearing only shorts, a singlet and sandals. Before the last war such clothes

"... wearing only shorts, a singlet and sandals"

would have been ridiculed or even have led to the wearer's prosecution.

We are making headway. I predict that in two or three decades it will become common to wear swimming shorts and sandals as ordinary outdoor wear in summer. Good luck to the pioneers.—T. A. WINKS, 46, Mansfield Road, Ilford, Essex.

London's Good Manners

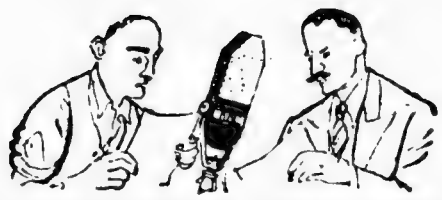
HAVE JUST GOT back from a short holiday in London. The pleasantness of the shop assistants and the courtesy shown to an obvious stranger surprised me. To be greeted with a smile by people who have suffered so much was astonishing. Thank you, Londoners.—GWENYTH NIXON, 89, Highfield Road, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

Noises Off

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT town planning and no suggestion that there should be a building, centrally situated, with sound-proof rooms in which anyone can study? How am I to read with a radio blaring, a boy trying to play the trumpet and an accordion at the same time, and a little way away children playing Cowboys and Indians?—P. B., 23, Orchard Street, Ipswich, Suffolk.

Clean Sweep at B.B.C.?

FAR FROM AGREEING with your reader who wants the B.B.C. announcers to give their names again (JOHN BULL, June 23), I think the great majority of



"... announcers with red instead of blue blood"

listeners would be delighted if a clean sweep were made of all the present announcers.

Their too-correct, cold-blooded accents remind me of tragic war bulletins ("damage and casualties are reported," etc.), and I think it's time the B.B.C. became human and introduced some colour into the reading of the news. Why can't we have announcers with red, instead of blue, blood?—C. ROBINSON, 47, Cochrane Park Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 7.

Council House Heaven

I HAVE BEEN a married man for ten years, but have still had to live in lodgings. Few can imagine what that means. Often I have scolded my children or grumbled at my wife when I knew they were in the right. Always in these lodgings I had to spy my chance before I could get a bath and scrub the coal dust from my body. Four months ago the local authorities let me have a modern council house. It is my idea of heaven.—J. F., Warrington, Lancs.

Britain's Best

HAVING LIVED IN countries where there is State ownership of the railways, I can only say that where there is no competition no one cares a button what sort of service the public gets. There is no better transport system—road or rail—than we had in peace-time Britain. —MRS. L. SNELL, 18, Midmoor Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

First In, Last Out?

AT THE PICTURES we see the newsreels of the *Queen Mary* sailing up the Hudson crammed with homeward-bound U.S. troops. No doubt they saw them in Aldershot, and that would add to the bitterness of the Canadian soldiers who have been kept without pay since they came back from the Continent and have been fobbed off with promises of immediate repatriation. This pay is mounting, but it will not be paid until the Canadians get home. Must members of the British Empire always be first in and last out of anything unpleasant?—O. C., Richmond, Surrey.

Army Overeating

IT IS A MATTER of serious concern to me when I see the meagre rations on which my wife and kiddy are supposed to exist, while I, as a Serviceman, can eat liberally. I think (and most of my friends agree with me) that all Service rations could easily be cut by one-third. —Bdr. R. A. Cox, 28, Rownhams Road, Maybush, Southampton.

Stamp Rejectors

WANTING INFORMATION about furniture units, I wrote to the Assistance Board, Kingsway, Southport, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for the reply. Six weeks later it came—in an "Official Paid" envelope. Inside was my own addressed envelope with the stamp neatly cancelled in ink. Is this a stupid waste of time, money and paper, or am I crazy?—LAWRENCE C. BLISS, 9, Ardington Road, Northampton.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

JOHN BULL Cameo Story

PENNIES *from* HEAVEN

**A miracle? "It depends what you mean . . ."
But here is a story we think you'll remember**

by CLIFFORD TROKE

ILLUSTRATED BY WHITEAR

We looked on money narrowly on the mountain and brooked no lightness in its handling

WE WERE TALKING about worship.

The priest said, gently dismissing our science, that his was the difficulty of a man who describes sight to those who have never seen.

"You feel at times a gentle warmth, a goodness in the universe. You discuss airily where it may come from. But I am the man with eyes who has seen the sun. Have you ever thought how strange your talk of gentle warmth must seem to me?"

Then I remembered.

So strong was the rush of memory that I think my eyes showed it, but though the priest looked curiously towards me, inviting speech, I said nothing. I wanted time to consider. Once many years ago in a dark mountain chapel had I, too, seen the sun?

Winters were cruel in those days. On my tenth birthday a hare crept shivering to our door. Our pot could have done with it, but we fed it and let it go. "Let us say God sent a guest to your feasting, Evan," said my grandfather. Few of the others had cared to face the snows.

Yet the next morning I woke to a tune of falling ice-needles and the rush of hillside waters. The frost had broken. Soon we were plunged into warm torrential Spring.

My grandfather looked grave when he came back from deacon's vestry. The drops from his shiny cape hissed in our log fire. The weather, he said, had found some weakness in our spiritual armour. There'd be buckets in the pulpit next Sunday and washtubs down the aisles.

"Deacons'll have to empty them," said my grandfather, "two to a tub."

OUR ELDERS performed this task with pride if not always with dignity, but a day came when tubs, no matter how sagely placed, were baffled. The slates of New Zion were being slowly washed away.

When at last it was plain that all tinkering was hopeless, Williams Brickyard was asked to name his price for a new roof. So one afternoon he and my grandfather clambered all over the old one. The date I am sure of, it was the first Wednesday in June, for while they were at it I was sent up with a note from Williams Post Office, a message, he said, just come by telegraph about some horses, and his cousin would be wanting to know.

When Williams Brickyard read it he dropped his hammer within a foot of my skull. Then he turned to my grandfather. "This," he said, "will cost you seventy pounds."

MY GRANDFATHER was very hard on me afterwards for bringing worldly matters to a man on the roof of God's house; but Williams Brickyard's estimate was accepted, though privately denounced as robbery, lest he should imperil his soul still further by desertion to the Established Church.

Our lambing went none too well that year, and the sum of seventy pounds hung over our valley as black as Devil's Rock. But our minister had youth and energy.

He announced for the last Saturday in August a Grand Fête and Sports Rally which would bring in people from all over the mountain to be parted from their pence by every means our showmanship could muster.

Only one art was barred, there must be no gambling. Williams Brickyard spoke on this with feeling. A bran-tub, he said, might seem an innocent trifle, yet it was none the less an altar to the heathen gods of chance.

The minister, a man of many devices, caught me one day as I came in with bulging satchel. "Ah, here's Evan the scholar. He'll help us, won't you, Evan?" He thrust into my hand a bright wooden prism, a dozen lead pencils each printed in silver, on the one side GRAND FESTIVAL, and on the other, ZION CHAPEL RECONSTRUCTION FUND.

My scholarship had sent me to the red brick grammar school in the coast town. I mixed with those who had money. At a penny each these pencils would both announce the fête and swell our takings.

From those few pencils, red and yellow, came my first knowledge of financial disaster. One dozen I disposed of, then a second; the third, pressed upon me by the minister, was my undoing.

Eager to excel in the fine shading of school-map mountains, I used first one and then another. When I came to take stock I had no pencils, and only ninepence of the required shilling.

I comforted myself that not till after the fête would the money be counted, so I could set things right with my few spending pennies; but on the Friday evening my grandfather said as he got up from tea to go back to the forty-acre, "I saw the minister to-day, Evan. He asks that you will bring the pencil money to choir practice. You've got it safe—?"

I BLURTED OUT, "Yes, grandfather," and felt descend on my stomach the sickness of the trapped. Looking back it is hard to see what my trouble was—surely I could have stated the facts and had the threepence advanced to me?

But we looked on money narrowly on the mountain and brooked no lightness in its handling. I had lied so stupidly in the grip of some unreasoning fear.

On my way to the chapel I saw the low sun strike fire from the Devil's Rock heather and send great ripples of purple down the estuary tide. Heaven, in royal immensity, denounced me. The towering clouds enforced confession and disgrace.

From fear of adding lateness to my sins I hurried. When I reached the chapel there was no one there. The sun had gone behind the mountain, but in the shadows I smelt the sweetness of cheap varnish and the sourness of mossed stone, a young animal snuffing familiar ground.

THEN I SAW the minister, in a corner of darkness. He was on his knees. Our faith admitted no altars. He knelt before the grey foundation-stone.

I do not know what went on in my mind, but all at once I, too, was kneeling. There in the narrow porch I prayed some miracle should make nine pennies twelve. Questing my past for proof of good, I remembered the spent hare. I reminded God how we had cared for it. I suggested that now was His time to care for me.

There was a movement in the chapel. I rose quickly to my feet, the pennies, still nine in number, clutched in my hand.

"Who's there?" called the minister.

I trembled violently. The pennies fell. They rolled on and on with a horrible ringing sound.

"Oh, is it you, Evan? Was that the pencil money? Wait then, I'll get a candle."

The light flickered above me as we searched. I heard the minister counting. Seven. Eight. Nine.

The flame showed a gaping crack where, close to the wall, the stone had crumbled.

The minister laughed.

"That's threepence gone," he said. "Never mind, Evan. There's still threepence profit on the bundle. You've done handsomely."

Blood whirled inside my bones. Cared for me, trusting me to make good my plunder, God had worked a miracle.

Did I see, there in the dark chapel, the sun of which my friend the priest is messenger? I only know there was before my eyes a brightness I have never seen again.

YOU CAN'T GUESS THE SHAPE OF PEACE

Where do we go from here? The stratosphere? Three dimensional films? Two hours to Tokyo? Or maybe we shall go dance-mad.

WILL HISTORY KEEP on repeating itself?

After the last war the world went dance-crazy, and already there are indications that it will go dance-crazy again.

And old songs. Do you remember how any song was a popular song that brought back the good old pre-war days?

Are we in for another attack of "good old pre-war" songs?

If we are, I don't think the songs will come from the jazz flood. No red-hot mommas. No mooching Minnies. Three bets I make are "I'm for ever blowing bubbles," "Ain't she sweet?" and "Lambeth Walk."

What will be the big shocks in the post-war entertainment world? I don't mean things like television; we can see that coming. In 1918 we couldn't see radio and the talkies coming. I mean *surprises*.

Some of us think we know roughly what life will be like in the next twenty years. Some of us thought so last time. But none of us could foresee how our passing days were to be dominated as they were by such things as cross-words and Eton-crops, midget golf and put-and-take and pogo sticks, the tote and the "dogs" and the Wembley Exhibition.

Before the last war a writer took years to build up a reputation. But during the hectic peace Edgar Wallace simply *exploded*.

Is a similar explosion coming now?

Do you remember A. S. M. Hutchinson's biggest of all best sellers, "If Winter Comes"?

The nation was divided into two camps—those who had read "If Winter Comes" and those who had not.

The speed mania started after the last war. Remember Segrave, Campbell, Kaye Don? But there *is* a limit to that.

Filling-stations and white lines in the road and baby cars—three more "latest lines" in life's shop window during the last peace. We can't guess white tapes in the sky and baby planes this time, because we couldn't guess the white lines and the baby cars last time.

The baby planes are pretty sure to come. It's the things that will remain mysteries until the cover is taken off them that will make life colourful during the coming peace.

The successors to Felix the Cat and Christopher Robin and whispering baritones and community singing and smoke advertising in the air and the Charleston and sun-glasses and a liking for grapefruit and snappy expressions like "Yes, we have no bananas." The things we *can't* see coming.

They're coming, all right, but it's no good guessing. We can only wonder and wait.

WILL SCOTT.

WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Commissioner, sends an urgent warning to women. Watch out for the

MOST HEARTLESS FRAUD OF ALL

THE HARVEST IS IN full swing—the harvest of rogues who swindle the wives and relatives of Servicemen.

Most of them are spruce, cultured and personable. Usually they pose as war heroes with decorations. They are also slick, for though warrants have been issued against many of them they dodge the police by frequently changing their names and moving quickly from town to town. Some are "wanted" in towns hundreds of miles apart.

The police have more than seventy complaints, all from women, against one man alone!

These touring lie-spinners never approach an intended victim until they have found out all about her. How much she is worth? What are her habits? Where do her relatives live?—the visitors are willing to spend days in getting the answers right. Then, word perfect, they are ready for the interview.

Telling the Tale

Thus, a fortnight ago, a woman was telephoned by a stranger who gave an assumed name of "Captain Graves." He was at the local railway station, he said, and had broken his leave from Germany in order to meet her.

Months previously, she had been officially notified that her husband had been killed in a tank battle in Germany. "Captain Graves" explained that he had been a friend of her husband while they were serving together in Italy, France and Germany, and that he was able to tell her that her husband was still alive.

Overjoyed, she invited him to see her at once. He arrived in mufti—a tall, soldierly, good-looking man of about thirty-five.

His story was convincing. In brief, it assured her that her husband was in a

Don't listen to him, lady!

convalescent camp in Nuremberg, and had asked him to call to say that he would be home very soon.

"These awful mistakes in identity happen sometimes, you know," the visitor said. "There was a clerical blunder and somehow your husband's name got among the 'killed' in the casualty lists."

His conversation showed that he knew so much of her family life that she did not doubt he was genuine.

So, too, she believed his casual remark that he had lost his wallet in the crowded train journey from London and would have to wait for a few days for his arrears of pay to come through.

She parted with £30. And, of course, he was far away before she had the dreadful shock of finding that the whole of his story was false. Indeed, he has victims in a score of towns.

The Bombed Out Yarn

Another impostor, who has called himself Rogers, Franklin, Mason, Gordon, Ransome, Eliott, Wilson and Terry, seems to have been a private, a corporal, a staff sergeant and a fully-fledged major all within a few months.

Wearing a smart suit, and looking very bronzed, he recently called at the house of a North Country woman.

The familiar lies came out—the husband was not dead, though suffering from wounds and lapses in memory since being reported "Missing" just after D-Day. Official confirmation would shortly follow by post.

He left with a good deal of the widow's money as a "loan"—and several articles of valuable jewellery she treasured.

Not long ago a young man, posing as an officer of Bomber Command, called at the home of the late Flying Officer Philip ("Pip") Ingrey, who was killed in an air crash in France last September.

"Pip," he said, was a great friend of his. He appeared very shocked when told that "Pip" was dead, but he recovered to relate stories based on facts he had already substantiated.

Then the purpose of his visit appeared. He had really called to see Flying Officer Ingrey because he needed a loan urgently—and, as he had once done "Pip" a good turn, he knew "Pip" would have been willing to help. It was the dead man's sympathetic family that provided the money.

Almost as despicable as these swindlers are the Service impostors who do not specialise in duping Servicemen's widows, but who nevertheless prey on women.

There is "Flight-Lieut. M. J. Downes, D.F.C., G.C.," a horrible example. As if the letters after his fictitious name were not impressive enough, this self-appointed member of the famous R.A.F. "Tiger" Squadron claims that he is shortly to be decorated with several American military honours.

He met one of his women victims on a London-bound express. His manners were excellent and her sympathy was prompted by his disclosure that he had lost all his people in a West Country hotel wrecked by air attack.

The acquaintance became a friendship which lasted only a few days—until, in fact, he had extracted a great deal of money.

Comfortable Life on Credit

High up in police records is the name of Norman Haynes, a smart and educated wastrel, who until recently lived in great style at one of London's most expensive hotels. Though he has a large wardrobe of military and naval uniforms, he most often appears as a petty officer who wears the ribbons of the D.C.M. and bar, the Palestine medal, and the 1939-1943 Star—a somewhat odd assortment

In a matter of hours he promised marriage to one young woman and obtained £70 from her. He went on to swindle several well-known people His stories vary; but in one method he is constant—he always stays at hotels on credit and absconds without paying his bills

The police of Birmingham, Coventry, Walsall, Wolverton, Northampton, Belfast and London would all like to meet him.

Finally—though my list is almost inexhaustible—there is Alexander Martin. This self-appointed Surgeon-Commander in the Navy makes a habit of proposing to women in order to steal their savings.

Pretending he held a large interest in a Scottish coalmining combine, he airily agreed to settle £2,000,000 on one recent victim after their marriage!

In these times, when there are not enough detectives to go round and when crooks can move swiftly from one town to another, arrests are not easy to bring about. But I hope my warning will check the flow of new cases of the kinds I have described.

Don't believe any stranger unless you can check up his credentials!

WHEN YOUR FUTURE DEPENDS ON A HOLE IN A CARD

More-than-human machines determine the future of Servicemen and women.

"HOW MANY FISHMONGERS are there serving in the Pioneer Corps?"

"What would be the effect of releasing from the Army all builders over the age of twenty-five?"

Hundreds of other questions arise in demobilisation. The answers to any of them can be obtained in a matter of minutes or hours according to how many thousands of men have to be questioned.

The questions are asked by delicate and ingenious machines. They don't have to bother the men themselves—who may be scattered in five hundred different places.

Cards with some seventy holes in them represent the men. The position of each hole tells the machine something about the man, and the "fingers" of the machine feel for the holes as the fingers of a blind man feel for the markings of Braille. The information given by the card is automatically registered, and other machines total and subtract the results as required.

IF YOU WANT to know how many married men would remain in the Army if all men—or women—over twenty-five were demobilised, or how many men of the rank of sergeant or under have degrees, the machines will produce the answers neatly typed. And, as Arthur Henderson pointed out in the House of Commons the other day, there can be no wangling and favouritism by electrically controlled machines.

Every man who has joined the Army had, on enlistment, to supply details about his experiences, education, interests. Doctors have assessed his health; psychologists his intelligence and aptitudes. All this information ends up as a number of holes in a 7½ in. by 3 in. card.

There are eight hundred possible positions for holes, and the exact location of a hole represents through a code the answer to a question such as "Is he married?"

The punching is done on machines which look like a typewriter by skilled operators. A single mistake could make a lot of trouble for years to come. So each card is checked by another machine. Then it goes into the War Office Central Card Index—W.O.C.C.I. for short.

There is one of these cards for every man in the Army. The battery of machines is operated by three hundred and fifty girls. To do the sorting and counting by hand would require thousands of clerks. They would make mistakes. And they would take so long over inquiries that the answer would be out of date by the time it was obtained!

WATCH THESE THINGS sorting, counting and tabulating cards at hundreds a minute, and you marvel at their complexity. But the principle is simple. An electrical contact is made through the hole and a circuit closed. Every different position of the hole closes a different circuit, bringing a different counting or sorting mechanism into action.

This is only one of the ways in which non-human brains that do everything but think have been helping the war effort. The U.S. Air Force, for instance, has been using punched cards—thirty-five million of them—for producing long-distance weather forecasts. Instead of a hole on a card representing the age of a man it represents some weather data at one of three thousand different observation posts in all parts of the world.

They call the new method of global weather-forecasting "synoptic climatology." A teeth-breaking phrase—but plainly the cards will retain their importance after the war.

Good government in the complex modern State needs statistics. You want to know how many people have two or more children, how many people have refrigerators, how many people share houses

A mere counting of heads at a census is no longer sufficient.

The U.S. census of 1880, with comparatively few and simple questions, took seven years to tabulate. The last census required the answers to twenty-five questions, yet preliminary totals were available in a few months.

The difference was due to the answers being turned into holes in cards instead of staying as written answers on the enumerators' forms The gigantic task of counting India's millions and sorting them into different groups in 1941 was made possible only by machines which turned the facts into holes and then counted them.

Three hundred and fifty girls in the Services run the magic machines—which replace untold man-power

THERE WILL BE GREAT developments in the use of this technique. Combined with new mathematical techniques devised for better bombing in the war, they will actually reduce expenditure by governments on "econometrics" and statistical analysis.

Dr. H. H. Germond, Professor of Mathematics and Scientific Adviser to the U.S. Air Service Command in Britain, says the war has pushed the technique one hundred years ahead—although less than one person in ten thousand can understand the new developments! **J. M MICHAELSON.**

Something Clicked and . .

"MAY the best man win!" was the election comment of a friend of reader J. W. Booth, 55, Grosvenor Crescent, Louth. Thinking over those words when he turned to his weekly *Bullets*, something clicked, and there was the effort which won him No. 1,482 First Prize: Britannia's Wish—"May Best *Plan* Win!"

Mr. Booth made his winner in less than a minute. And in the next 10 minutes *you* can bring a First Prize telegram to your door.

INCREASED HOLIDAY CASH

THIS WEEK'S PRIZES VALUE OVER £365

£100 Cash First plus Seaside Holiday for Two
£20 plus £5 Holiday Bonus
£10 plus £5 Holiday Bonus
3 of £8, 3 of £6, 3 of £4
25 of £2, 200 of 2s. 6d.
1,500 MERIT AWARDS

Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* dated Aug. 11, with details of new £100 FREE OFFER FOR "BULLETIN" READERS.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

BRITAIN'S PROGRAMME UNITED
ON JAPAN'S DOOR-STEP
BANNER OF FREEDOM
TO GET THINGS DONE
NOW IT'S OVER
WORTH WAITING FOR
THE LOSERS
RAIN OR SHINE
SEASIDE PROFITEER
IN HER GLORY
IF WISHES CAME TRUE
A MOCKERY
IN THE MUSEUM
LABOUR OF LOVE
WHEN SHE STOPPED
BIT OF A BRUTE
DOWN THE DRAIN
WIFEY'S HOLIDAY
PACKED LIKE SARDINES

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

MEN IN.....
FOOLED THE.....
GIVE HIM A ..... AND
MADE ..... JUMP
FELT LIKE A .....
IN THE WAY OF .....

Result No. 1,484—First Prize £100 & Holiday Week-end

R. K. WATTS, 35, COBHOLM ROAD, GREAT YARMOUTH.

AWAY FROM THE MISSUS I'M UNHAPPY—HAPPY ME!

£20: C. E. Birdseye, 1, Oakleaf Cottages, New Town, Lingfield, Surrey.
Whoever Gets In—We'll Want "Better Lot."

£10: A. R. Tennant, 71, Caledon Road, Nottingham.
On The War-path—Wanting "Wigwams," Not "Pow-wows."

10 of £6:
J. W. Booth, 55, Grosvenor Cres., Louth.
Whoever Gets In—I'm "Backing," If "Advancing."
T. W. Brassett, 38, Marlborough Road, Hillingdon.
On Father's Allotment—Cats Violating Bird Sanctuary!
C. Brookes, 66, Old Oak Road, Kings Norton, Birmingham.
Working For Love—Mother—Repay With Love!
W. H. Dormer, 35, Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield.
On Father's Allotment—Of Beer, Gardening Impossible!
A. E. Marshall, 42, Springfield Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
Away From The Treadmill—Trudging Round With Rucksack!
W. A. Neave, 16, The Crescent, New Southgate, N.11.
Needed In Westminster—"Mulberry" *Minds*, Not "Bush."
C. Sanderson, 196, Ark Avenue, Astenhurst Estate, Todmorden.
Man Who Looks Ahead—Ready When "Turn Comes."
J. Scott, 13, Front Street, Hobson, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Whoever Gets In—Promised Work "And Plenty."
L. Wilson, 129, Firth Park Road, Sheffield.
Whoever Gets In—Just Must Bust Trusts.
J. Woodbine, 1, Hall Terrace, Swansea, Glam.
Game Of Grab—Result—Famine's Seizing Europe.

A list of 20 winners of £2 and 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CASH and PENS WON—XWORD 436

WINNING WORDS: 1. Dusk. 2. Rot. 3. Step. 4. Mood. 5. Frieze. 6. Grabble. 7. Low. 8. Meat, Loaf or Meat. 9. Rich. 10. Dish. 11. Line. 12. Blend. 13. Tin. 14. Babble.

250 SHARERS: G. F. Boyd, 104, Lough Road, Largan, N. Ireland; H. Phillips, 91, Berman Road, Liverpool. Each in addition receives Fountain Pen as offered.

2 runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 22 entrants.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Aug. 18, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,488, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,488
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JULY 30

For £100 "BULLETIN" (AUG. 11), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

WHEN A GOOD JOB COMES BEFORE A HOUSE

Twenty-nine is not too old to start training for office work. Two schemes for would-be poultry farmers. Breaking an engagement calls for diplomacy

"I AM A MARRIED MAN with one child, and have been discharged from the R.A.F. on medical grounds after almost thirteen years' continuous service. I have taken a job in a district where the shortage of houses is acute, and this is causing domestic strife.

"I appreciate that it is a woman's ambition to have a home of her own, and I am now seriously thinking of sacrificing my present job, with all its good prospects, and to take any job in any district where I can find a home. Would it be a mistake to make such a drastic change? The problem has become a source of acute mental worry to me and to my wife."

I do sympathise with you, and with the hundreds of other ex-Servicemen who are confronted with the same problem. But I feel sure it would be a short-sighted policy on your part to sacrince a good position in order to take "just anything" which will provide a home.

You would solve one problem certainly, but you would have another just as worrying—an unsatisfactory job in which you would probably feel wasted and frustrated. Your daily work has to go on for many years, and you want to make good for the future—whereas your housing problem, even if the solution seems far away, is really only temporary. Try to take the long view, and persuade your wife to do the same.

"BEFORE THE WAR I was employed as a labourer on the railway, but my six years in the Army have been spent in clerical work. I have proved satisfactory at it and have grown to like it. I shall soon be released from the Forces but I don't want to return to my former job. I am twenty-nine. Am I too old to learn shorthand and typing to equip myself for work in an office?"

No, you are not too old—but I don't think shorthand and typing would help you much. Thousands of girls are fully trained for this work. You would only be in competition with them and such jobs are rarely given to men.

It would be better to get training in book-keeping or accountancy. You need not wait until you are released—you can start as soon as you like. Have a talk to the Education Officer attached to your unit.

If book-keeping does not appeal to you, study the schemes outlined in the handbook, "Careers for Men and Women," which you can obtain through your Commanding Officer. This summarises the most important careers giving brief particulars of any training required and opportunities for employment. It also lists pamphlets which give complete details of training in each subject.

"I WAS INVALIDED OUT of the Services in 1940, and since my discharge I have been employed as agent for an insurance company. My wish, however, is to start poultry farming.

"I am aware of the many failures by men who started this kind of work at the end of the last war. Is there any Government scheme for training in poultry farming? I have made

inquiries at local information offices but they don't seem able to give direct answers to my questions."

There are two such training schemes. One is for men who have no previous knowledge on the subject, the other for those who know the rudiments and need more advanced training.

You must first apply to the Ministry of Labour and National Service, St. James's Square, London, W.1. You will probably be called for an interview so that the authorities can decide whether you are the type of man who would benefit from such a course.

"A YEAR AGO I became engaged to a widow, and I am a widower myself. We have been on very good terms for over two years, but she says that if she does not marry me she will break up her home and take a post as housekeeper.

"After careful thought I prefer to remain a widower. I have a plan to give her a sum of money and pay her rent for three months? Do you think this is advisable? I still want always to remain her friend."

Since you really do not wish to remarry it would be a big mistake to go through with it. I gather that she is counting on your marrying her—she has your promise to do so—but you have changed your mind and want to withdraw the offer.

It would be tactless to offer her money as a compensation. You will have to be perfectly frank. Tell her that you prefer to regard her as a good friend. How she will take that news is more than I can predict.

If, after you have settled things, you offer to pay her rent, it would have to be done with the greatest diplomacy. Whatever else you do, avoid making her feel that you are "buying yourself out."

X-WORD CASH, RADIO, PENS

£50 and Radio for outright winner. Other prizes value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Can turn out to be real nuisance in garden unless checked—P□PPY. 2. Actors are forced to laugh at such jokes—STA□E. 3. You can't always rely on these—LO□KS. 4. Can be pretty heart-breaking—□OBS. 5. Its charge can be most disconcerting—B□LL. 6. A few pounds might prove the right this for some men—□OAD. 7. Sometimes a disappointment to gardener—BE□S. 8. Small one is usually disappointing—□IP. 9. If to be used, needs water—FO□T. 10. Some folk want a wide opening before they can see this—□ATE. 11. Little man is apt to come cropper following one—STA□. 12. It's easy for a man to trip up when passing this—TE□T. 13. You've no need to have this to enjoy hilarious party—□IN. 14. On a falling market, heavy buyer has to worry about—LO□S.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Aug. 11 with £100 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, July 30.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 440, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 436 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

Post Office Workers

N. M., Warwick: There is no direct recruitment of ex-Servicemen to the grade of Post Office sorter. Vacancies are filled by candidates, for example, postmen, already employed by the Post Office. A proportion of the vacancies for postmen and night telephonists is reserved for ex-Servicemen, ex-Regulars being given a preference over men who have served for the duration of war only.

The age limits for appointment to these grades are eighteen and thirty, with an extension to forty for men who have served with the Forces during the war. There is also an extension to forty-five for Service pensioners, whether the pension is in respect of long service or disability.

Candidates are obtained through the medium of the Employment Exchanges, and, on discharge from the Forces, should apply to have their names registered for Post Office employment. Ex-Regulars should apply to the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen, 14, Howick Place, London, S.W.1, which keeps the register of ex-Regulars desiring permanent employment in the Post Office.

B. N., Motherwell: As a result of recent changes in control of labour, men and women who have been working away from home for three years or more are to be allowed to transfer to work nearer their homes, unless there are strong production reasons to the contrary. Your daughter should apply to the National Service Officer at the local Employment Exchange for a transfer.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR QUICKER, SMOOTHER, COOLER SHAVES

Change to COLGATE Brushless SHAVE CREAM

Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch it for softening up beards (even with cold water) — for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn.

1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

CYDER WITH A NAME YOU KNOW "BEHIND" IT

Once there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. But Cyder, like many other things, is now zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must unfortunately be denied it until zoning ends.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER ZONED

A caress that started before they met

Their romance started before ever they met . . . two hours before . . . when Poudre Tokalon had put that final, glamorous touch to her personality. She knew that Poudre Tokalon would keep her looking fresh and lovely through all that romantic night. Mousse of Cream is the secret of a complexion that remains smooth and flawless for hours. Poudre Tokalon is the heart-disturbing powder that brings the bloom of youth to your complexion and makes you look as young as your heart. Change to Poudre Tokalon to gain his unchanging admiration.

Six modern shades to choose from — Apricot, Natural, Peach, Rose Peach, Brunette, Rachel.

Poudre TOKALON

DEPENDABLE *and safe*

Lixen is vegetable in composition and entirely devoid of unpleasant after-effects. Its natural action in promoting regularity of the system is produced by an extract of senna pods made gentle and palatable by a special process which removes harshness.

LIXEN ELIXIR in bottles 2/3, 3/11

LIXEN LOZENGES fruit flavoured in bottles 1/8

Purchase Tax Included

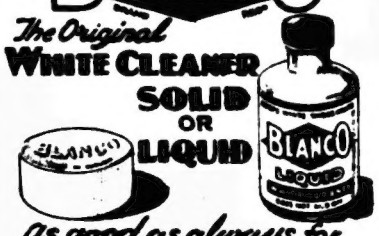
Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN

The Good-Natured Laxative

BLANCO

The Original WHITE CLEANER SOLID OR LIQUID



As good as always for WHITE CANVAS & BUCKSKIN SHOES

Warning Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd., Sheffield, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners are called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

Make Wright's the 'rule' for the Toilet and Nursery. Kind to the tenderest skin.

WRIGHTS COAL TAR SOAP

ONE TABLET ONE COUPON

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP — PRO INTEGRITATE AVIS

SAXA best value SALT

FLAG SAUCE

Gosh — it's good!

3½d. size – 1 coupon.
7d. size – 2 coupons.
A Class I Product.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

YOU CAN *forget a* HEADACHE IF YOU REMEMBER

Cephos

(Pronounced See-fos) THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in Tablet or Powder form. 8 Powders or 16 Tablets 1/3. 21 Powders or 42 Tablets 3/-. Single dose 2d.

Including Purchase Tax

CHADE PRICES INCLUDING TAX

LONG EDGE (slotted—fits 3 peg razors)	2D
SLOTTED DE LUXE	2½D
THIN DE LUXE (3-HOLE)	2½D
STAINLESS (3-HOLE)	3½D

Healthy dogs make good companions

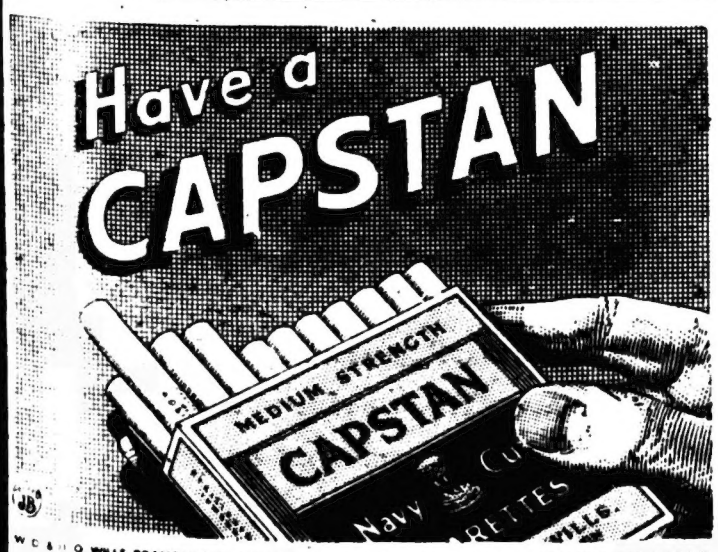
Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. *Your* dog will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with Bob Martin's —'one a day.'

In packets, 9 for 7d.

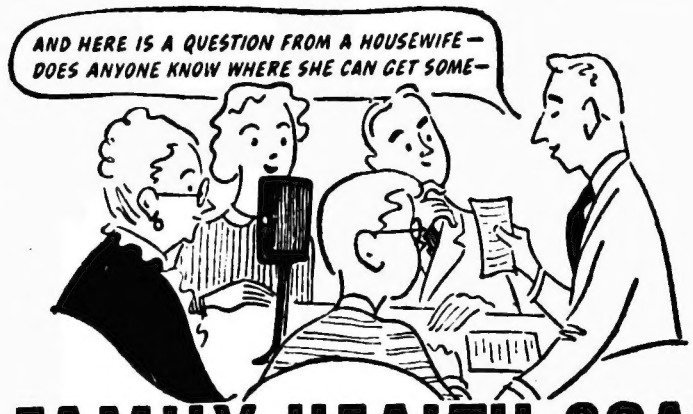
BOB MARTIN'S

Condition Powder Tablets

keep dogs fit



W. D. & H. O. WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD. C.C.701 E



FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

cleans and protects

KH 131-861 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

An invitation to

EX-RED CROSS AND ST. JOHN APPEAL WORKERS

IF you, and your friends, still have time to devote your organising ability to a really worth-while cause, your assistance will be most gratefully welcomed by the Merchant Navy Comforts Service.

Some of your colleagues in the Red Cross and St. John organisation have already volunteered their services since their own Fund announced its termination on June 30th. They suggest that there are other volunteers ready and tell us "We have only to ask."

The Merchant Navy Comforts Service has sent more than 7,000,000 gifts to sea since war began, and last year alone distributed £447,000 to seventeen approved Merchant Navy organisations; and until the end of the Japanese war, at least, our work must go on.

Please write for further information—posters and literature—stating your requirements in detail to

KIRKLAND BRIDGE, DIRECTOR OF NATIONAL APPEALS
MERCHANT NAVY COMFORTS SERVICE, 62, Heath St., London, N.W.3

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FOOD FACTS

Keeping food *FRESH* in WARM WEATHER

NOW that we are suffering from a world shortage of food, it's specially important to guard against the possibility of food going bad and becoming unusable in warm weather. Although this may involve extra trouble, it's well worth while.

Here are some suggestions for keeping perishable foods fresh:

Milk: The best plan, on very hot days, is to heat the milk nearly to boiling point as soon as it is delivered. The milk should then be cooled quickly by standing in a jug in a bowl of cold water.

A way of keeping it fresh, without boiling, is to stand the milk bottle in a bowl of cold water, and put a piece of muslin, or flannel, soaked in cold water, over the bottle with both ends in the water. Keep the water renewed daily so that the cloth is always damp. This keeps a cool temperature round the bottle.

Bread: The best way to keep bread fresh is to wrap it in a clean cloth and keep it on an airy shelf, or in a bin with the lid tilted. Bread must *breathe*.

Green Vegetables: To keep fresh, these should be away from the air, in an airtight container. A large saucepan with the lid on does excellently. A lettuce can be kept in a brown paper bag in a cool larder. *Don't* leave it soaking in water.

Butter, Margarine, and Lard: This simple home-made cooler will keep your fats firm and fresh on the hottest days:

You need a good-sized bowl, a wire grid or an old grater, and a piece of clean muslin.

An easy way to keep fats fresh

Fill the bowl three-quarters full with cold water and lay the grid over the bowl. Dip the cloth in water and wring out, then place the fats on the grid and lay the cloth over them, with the ends in water on each side. The water evaporating creates a cool atmosphere round the fats. Keep water renewed daily and the cloth moist.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 261

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